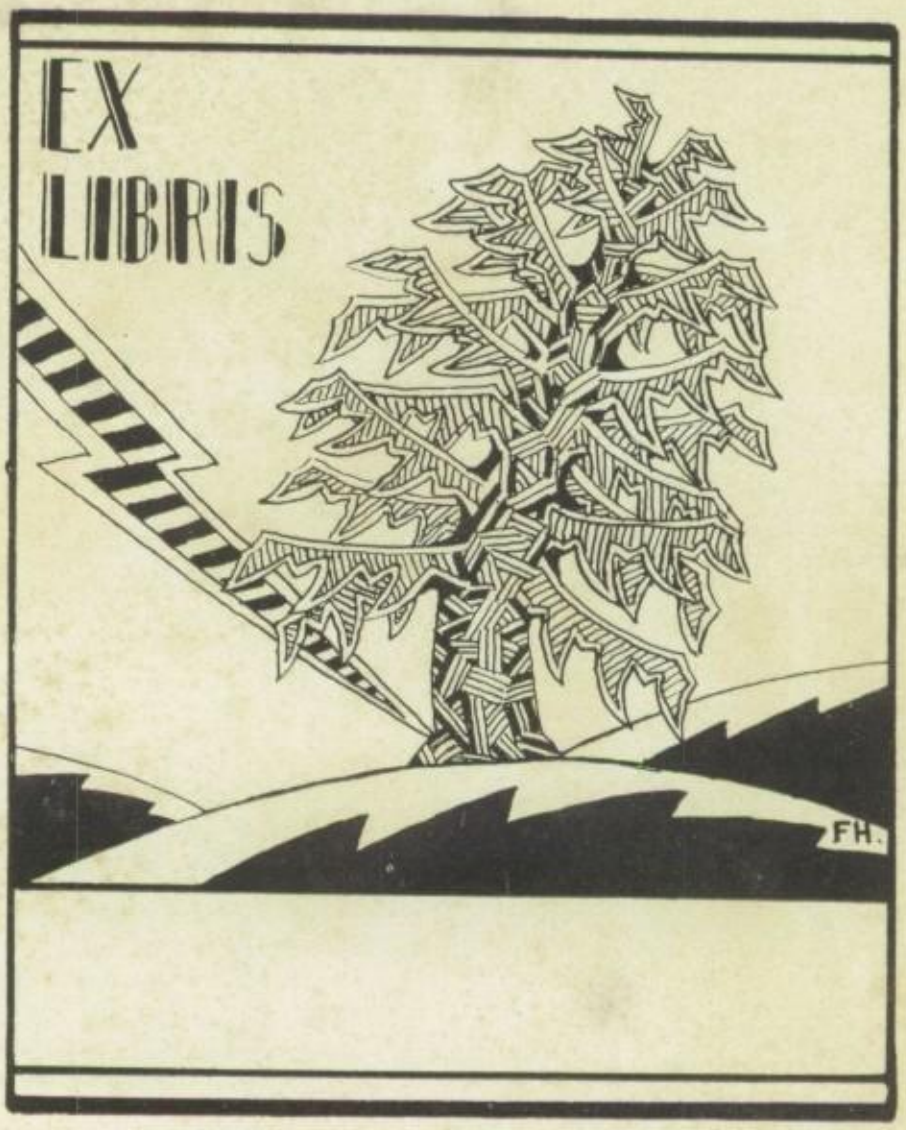
Sewihi

1928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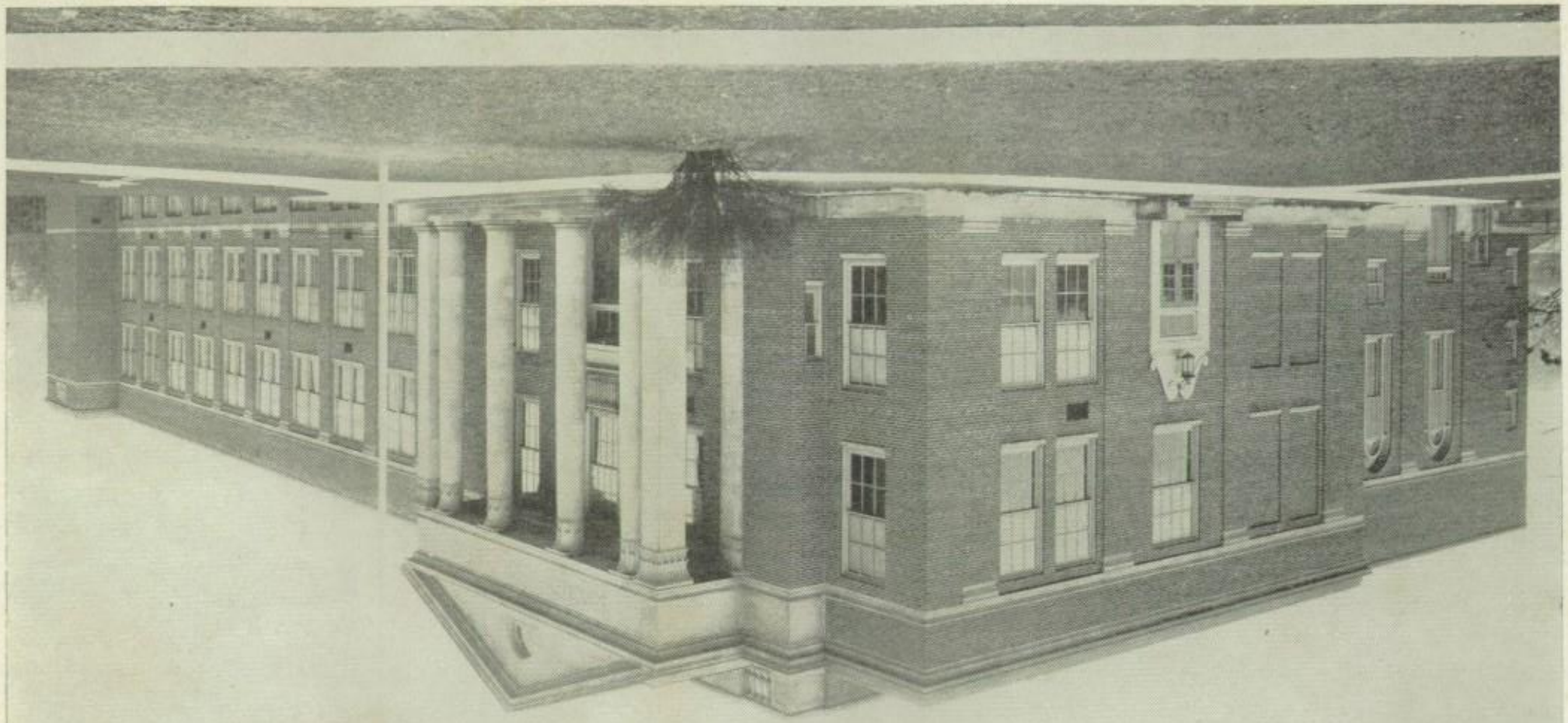


THE SEWIHI

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

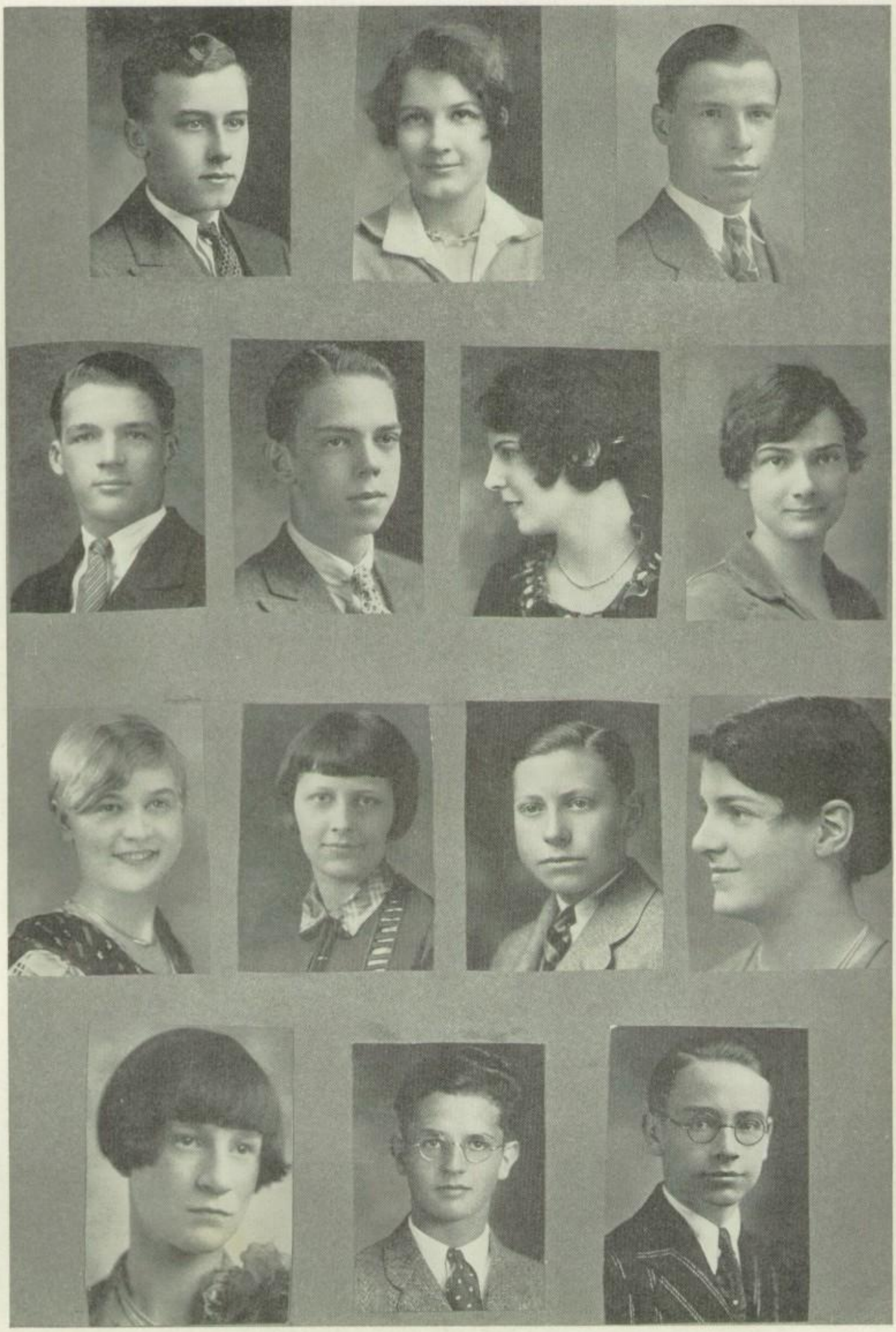
OF

SEWICKLEY HIGH SCHOOL

SEWICKLEY PENNSYLVANIA

VOLUME 6

1928



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Stenographer

FOREWORD

The curtain has fallen on another year's work. In the future as impulses of memory create the wish to again view the wonted scenes and the record of activities, to recall those who shared in the drama of school days, turn to your 1928 Sewihi.

DEDICATION

The students of Sewickley High School dedicate this volume of the Sewihi to one whose unfailing interest and understanding attitude has helped to make more successful their school life and activities and who has called forth much true respect and admiration,

MISS AMY E. KERR

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MR. CONWAY

In considering the life of Sewickley High School, we soon recognize that the central force, controlling and invigorating it, is found in Mr. Conway, our principal. His interest in each individual is immediate and is shown in his sympathetic willingness to advise and help, as well as in the proof he gives of his knowledge and understanding of the little failings of which we are so often guilty.

His far-sightedness and earnest endeavor to benefit the school may be seen in his effort to train in assuming responsibility. More and more the student activities are resting on the shoulders of the student body. Our Student Council, initiated three years ago by Mr. Conway and the students, has this year reached a success which advances the possibilities of student government. The vigorous interest with which our representatives have shouldered the direction of student affairs is called out by the confidence placed in them by their leader and ours.

THE FACULTY

THE SEWICKLEY HIGH SCHOOL

Mr. L. H. Conway	Principal of High School
Mrs. Rhoda L. Peterson	Latin
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Miss Amy E. Kerr	English
Mrs. Besse S. Egolf	History and Economics
Miss Hazel M. Koehler	History and French
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Mr. Thomas W. Hood	Biology and Physics
Miss Mildred Thomas	Commercial
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Miss Thelma A. Rush	Public Speaking
Mr. E. J. McLuckie	Commercial
Miss Grace Fickinger	Eighth Grade English
Miss Margaret McGinnis	Junior High School History
Miss Ruth Simpson	Ninth Grade English
Miss Martha Truby	Junior High School Science
Miss Louise G. Ward	Junior High School Mathematics
Miss Isabel Wisner	Seventh Grade English
Miss Lila M. Copeland	Girls' Physical Education
Mr. Elmer J. Gray	Boys' Physical Education
Miss Rhea Stewart	Home Economics
Mr. William J. Thompson	Manual Arts

FACULTY AUTOGRAPHS

SENIORS

THE CLASS OF 1928

President - - -	James O. Carson
Vice President - - -	Jean Mould
Secretary - - - -	Llda Jones
Treasurer - - - -	Peggy White

MOTTO

"Facta non verba"

COLORS

Blue and Silver

FLOWER

Delphinium

Class Will -	Charles D. Richardson, Jr., George A. Garrett
Class Prophets - -	James O. Carson, George T. Clay
Class Donors - - -	Peggy White, William Fader
Class Poets - -	Mabel Wynn, Catherine Clark
Class History - - - -	Llda Jones
Class Song - - -	James O. Carson

MARYGRAY R. ANDERSON

Well, look who we have here! Marygray is the model girl of the high school. She stands high in her work, is expert with an auto, is good looking, and popular; a friend to everybody.

Marygray is an actress of renown in the Valley having held parts in Adam and Eva, Thursday Evening and Penrod. Among her other activities are, member of Girl Reserve cabinet, staff member of Sewihi, president of the Sewihi Comets.

MARGARET BAUMGARTEL

Margaret is a friend to everyone, but she and Mary are inseparable. Margaret is unpresuming but when there is a chemistry or Latin exam, we can all presume that she'll pass it with flying colors.

We also hear that Margaret does a lot of auto riding on Sewickley Heights.

CHARLES BOYD, Jr.

"Red" carries more weight in the class than anyone else. He is the flaming torch of the seniors. His specialties in activities are beating the drum in the orchestra and playing guard on the football team. Never in a hurry but always where he is expected.

FREDERICK C. BRAND, Jr.

Athlete, golf champion, president of Hi-Y, tallest of Mrs. Pete's "Little Angels" and Scotchman! What more can be expected in one person? He is popular with all he meets and successful in anything he undertakes. This jolly fellow has lately contracted a weakness of the heart.

MARY BRENNAN

Mary, our tiniest one goes about so softly and speaks so gently that one thinks of the fairies. Her greatest concern is big brother, Michael, and she keeps a careful, motherly lookout for him and his interests.

Mary's race with the tardy buzzer had the senior class continually on the alert. But she is usually a winning racer.

MICHAEL BRENNAN

A handsome Irish lad is Michael and popular with the ladies, too! Easy-going and unabashed, we don't believe he ever worries anyone,—unless it was our opponents in a football game. Mike's a loyal supporter of all our activities; "Soshells" are his specialty—just ask any girl about his dancing! "S'Marvelous" is bound to be the answer. Hail Mike! Here's to success.

KATHRYN BROWNHILL

Kathryn's fame rests on a number of things, outstanding ones being those lovely blue eyes and eyelashes. She is on the alert to be helpful, especially in serving dinners at the "Y."

She has an interesting fashion of introducing a stranger at our open affairs.

KATHERINE BUCKLEY

"Sade" is the "live wire" in Law Class. If some poor soul does, by chance, fall into a semi-sleep, the shock he gets when she recites is like falling out of bed, for she certainly can give the *loud, distinct* answers. Her manner is markedly executive. The business world will surely claim her as its own.

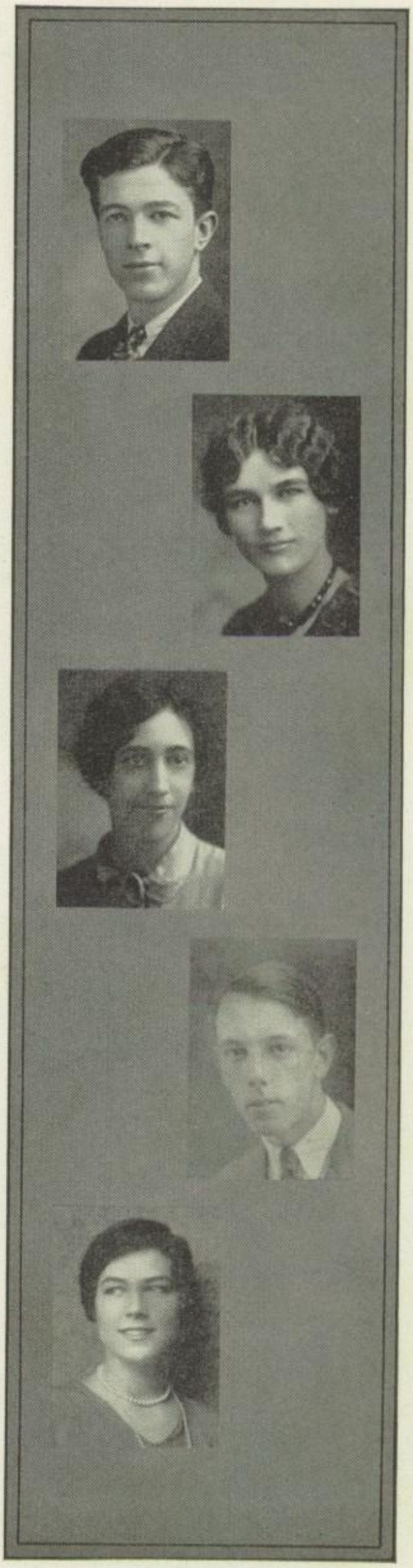
DOUGLAS BURCHILL

Douglas is one of these self-contained, non-self-revealing fellows. One never knows what he is really thinking, yet he talks most all the time. He poses as a woman-hater, but a fair junior broke that up, at least for a time.

"Doug" has a habit of always occupying at least three chairs when he sits down. He has a leisurely manner.

ELIZABETH CANNON

Better known as "Biz." Here is one of the most versatile of the fair ones. She does everything (and well)! She sings, dances, plays the piano, drives a car, is quite an actress, and last but not least, she certainly can ride a horse! "Biz" showed her executive ability as manager of the Girl's Basketball team and never was there a team better managed.



JAMES CARSON

Jim won our section in the International Oratorical Contest last year, and this year added to his honors through work on the interscholastic debating team. He is president of the senior class as well as president of the Student Council. He made a reputation in "The Gypsy Rover" and "Tulip Time" with his pleasing baritone.

And just ask Jim about Dubois! ! ! !

CATHERINE CLARK

Catherine is the pianist extraordinary of our orchestra. One of the mysteries of the school is connected with her wearing the C. M. T. C. The success of the Sewihi Comets on its maiden voyage is in part due to her work as chairman of the program committee.

GEORGE CLAY

At first George was merely distinguished as "Weston's brother" but through his good work in the orchestra, "Penrod," band, Glee Club, debates, Oracle and Sewihi work, he was soon known and recognized for his own ability. His spirit of fun makes him a choice spirit in any group.

HOWARD CLAY

Edgeworth gave us Duetz, who played on our football team and debated on one of our chapel debating teams, where he proved himself quite an orator.

Howard is quite the commercial student, and is always willing to give help where help is needed. Duetz has the repuation of being the only senior who sports a derby.

WESTON CLAY

"Wes" has been one of the most helpful members of the class of '28. His record shows three plays, operetta, the Stage Guild and Student Council.

Special credit is due "Wes" for his work on the basketball and baseball teams. When he didnt play, he was a very competent manager. We couldn't have done without him.

WILLIAM COOK

Bill enlivened our chapel period one time last year by his vivid interpretation of the small boy in "Station Y. Y. Y. Y." by Booth Tarkington. Ever since he has kept the senior class excited by his dramatic narrow escapes from the tardy buzzer.

He has helped the intellectual atmosphere of the school a great deal, doing his share in the Spanish Circle, Chemistry class and chapel debates.

NATALIE COSTELLO

Here is the ideal business girl, smartly dressed, quick to understand, and able to get things done right. We could well imagine her officiating in the office of a magnate were it not that rumor says she has quietly chosen another profession. See her left hand.

HELEN CUSICK

The class has benefited this year through the addition of a new member from Washington County. Helen's friendly spirit, gentle manners and scholastic ability have won our appreciation. The girls all envy her curly hair as well as her chemistry grades.

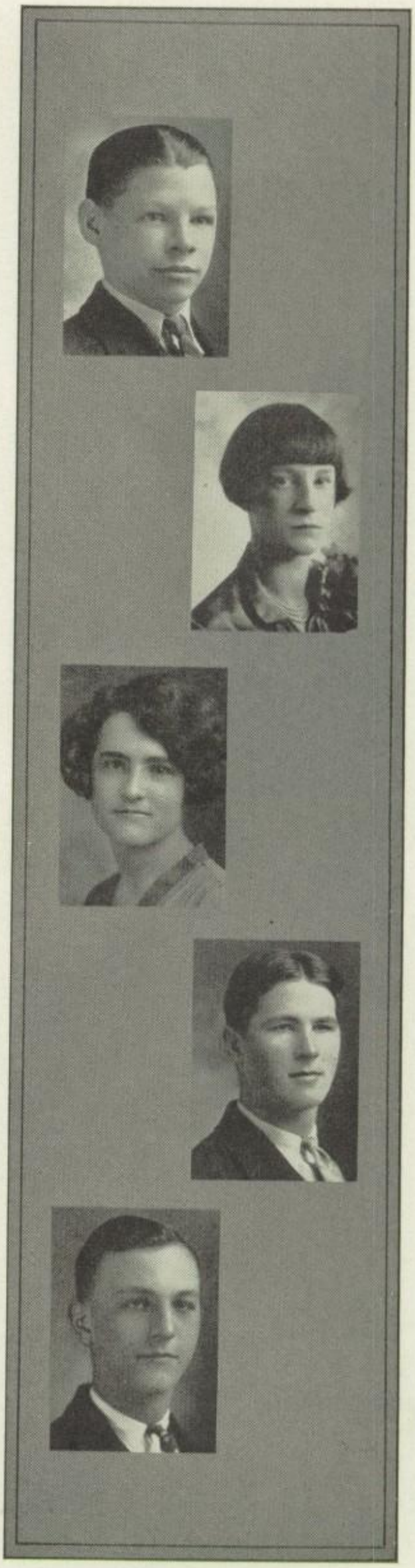
EDWARD DEVINE

"Pat" is forever smiling, his cheeks are always red, and his hair continually rumpled. The whole school knows him and everyone likes him. He repeated his fine football record of 1926 again this year. When the senior English class gets stuck on a question, it is usually "Pat's" answer that helps them out.

JOHN DODS

John doesn't suit him somehow so we all call him "Cake." He has been a valuable member of our class as school cheer-leader, as vice president of the Student Council and for his services as chauffeur to the girls' basketball team! "Cake" exhibited his dramatic ability in the play "Thursday Evening" and "Tulip Time," our operetta.

He is good looking, popular and peppy.



HARRY DOLDE

Harry is one of our humorists. His cartoons are the laugh of the day. He seems quite fond of drawing as he does this instead of sleeping in classes.

"Smitty" displayed his dramatic ability as Mr. Jackson in the "Florist Shop." His hearty greeting and continual joking make him one of the most likeable members of the best class that ever graduated from old S. H. S.

JULIA DONALD

Julia is an important member of the commercial group. She shines on the girls' second basketball team, doing her best as a side-center, for if anyone can give an opponent a hard job it is Julia. This good work shows her real school spirit. In always being busy at home and school, ever cheerfully smiling, Julia is a shining example.

GLADYS ELLERTON

Just like a queen, Gladys has constant attendants both inside and outside of school, but as most queens have, she has a favorite. One of the prettiest girls in the class, Gladys has achieved a reputation as an actress and reader. She has held important parts in "The Youngest" and "Reverie."

WILLIAM FADER

Another football player, actor, interscholastic debater, member of Sewihi staff, and lady's man. Bill has done credit to a good many activities, but chiefly does his debate work deserve comment. A good student and a good fellow, he has always been popular with the whole school. If you want a thing done and done *right*, ask Bill to do it.

MAX FELTWELL, JR.

He is often seen on the gym floor and even more often on the dance floor. A star basketball player, "Pete" helped the '28 team to the championship of Section II. Waxed hardwood floors seem to have an attraction for Max for he seldom misses a dance, and the stag line has never yet made his acquaintance. Lucky boy!

CATHERINE GALLAHER

Red hair? No, not exactly; but anyway it's pretty hair and does justice to its owner. Catherine is never late to school. We do not know whether that's because she lives near or not, but we are inclined to think that her methodical ways would bring her on time regardless of distance. Catherine is not only a good commercial student, but does well anything she undertakes. We're glad to say she belongs to our class.

GEORGE GARRETT

Sewickley's juvenile representative in what is now almost a forgotten sport,—horseshoe pitching, is George. Although of a shy and modest nature he is always one of the foremost in scholastic pursuits.

George is looked up to and admired for his good work and liked for himself.

RICHARD GIESE

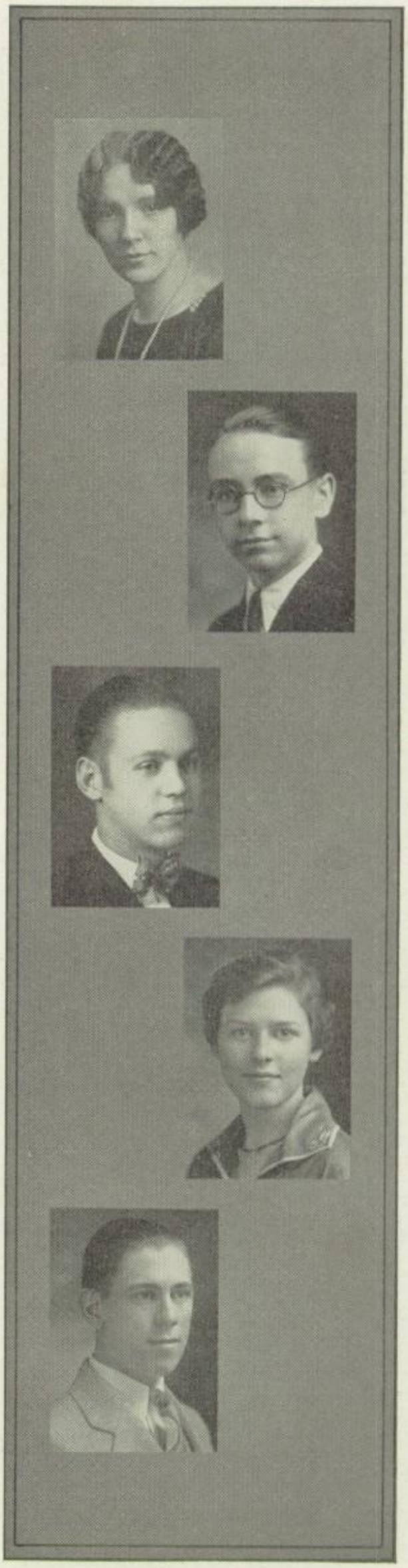
As the last bell rings, Richard comes racing down from the Heights, burning up the road to keep his record clear. Note the outstanding points of his appearance! His flaming "beau" ties help keep up the school boy look which is threatened by his treasured sideburns —rivals to Valentino's.

JEAN HAMMER

Everybody knows and admires Jean for her ability to translate Cicero and Virgil into real English. Jean has gone about in her quiet way and has kept the scholarship of the class of '28 above par. Nobody has seen a football game with Sewickley represented at which Jean was not present.

ROBERT HELSING

Bob, who hails from Fair Oaks, is a marksman of great fame. The first day of hunting season has always found him among those missing, and the next day was marked by stories of a few failures and many successes. Many the time he has been entertainer with "wise" sayings and tales of the good time he and the crowd had the night before.



KERMIT JOHNS

Kermit is the "sheik of the movies" in more than one respect. His blonde hair and blue eyes are a relief to sore eyes, and his complexion! Oh, how the girls do envy him. Then too, his voice—a beautiful tenor. We really believe he should take up light opera or musical comedy. On the other hand, he is an outstanding track man.

LLDA JONES

When Llda entered our school we found that she had ability, and she's been kept busy ever since. Her happy disposition, and her willingness to help account for a great deal of her popularity. Llda has musical ability as her work with the glee club shows.

PERCY JONES

"Jiggs" hails from the sticks and is a happy-go-lucky fellow who takes things as they come and always smiles. His favorite pastimes are rambling the Heights and industriously laboring over chemistry. He is another one of these boys for whom girls hold no particular interest.

DAVID KLICKER

Dave is one of our musicians and very clever with the violin. He is also quite learned in biology and can readily lend aid along that line to any girl in distress.

Unfortunately for us, Dave is a scarcity after school hours and we hardly see him in school, he's always so busy. Dave likes the bright lights,—we hear she looks like Greta Garbo.

PERCY LITTLECOTT

Hail! The best tennis player in Sewickley High School! Percy is also a great musician, and we look forward to seeing him play the traps for Paul Whiteman some day. We think he could get rich by collecting fares on the round trips in his expansive Ford from the school to the "Y" district.

MARTHA LOWERY

"Marty" is one of our prettiest graduates, renowned for her giggles and her eyes. When you hear a high voice exclaiming at great length about "getting fat" you'll know it's none other than Martha. But she fulfills the saying that "pretty is as pretty does," for she can sing, dance and impersonate very well.

CLARENCE MARTIN

Clarence is another who hails from Glenfield. A few more like him and we'll recognize the place as one of worth. Clarence's class standing is above rebuke, and he participated in Spanish Circle, basketball, football and baseball. His work in the last three mentioned is worth noting. Also, Clarence is quite the handsome lad.

HELEN MATTHEWS

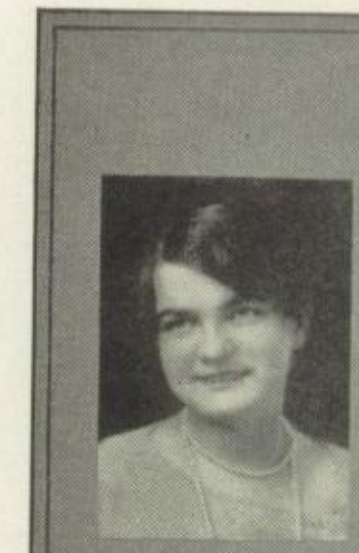
Helen has shown us that she can do things and do them well and right. Especially is this true of her class work. Yet she finds plenty of time for talking things over with Edith. In the midst of the talk comes out a "Good Grief!" and then we know Helen is present.

KENNETH McCLESTER

Kenneth is Ralph's twin, but that's as far as it seems to go. Dignified and reserved, Ken goes about in his quiet way, yet we are quite aware of his presence. He held parts in Adam and Eva and The Golden Doom. Kenneth is very skillful with a violin, and when he appears on the platform with it, we are all sure of a treat.

RALPH McCLESTER

Ralph has been a faithful member of the football squad for three years and has given his support to the Glee Club and the French Circle. Perhaps he will best be remembered as one of the two guards in "The Golden Doom" and as the eldest son in "The Youngest."



ANN McPHERSON

The lively, little blonde who talks most of the time is Ann. When we want pep or ideas for a grand good time she is most valuable as a source of inspiration. As the star side-center of the basketball team, "Mac" has shown what a good sport she is. We know it and all our opponents know it! She is one of the outstanding workers of the school.

PAUL MEYER

Paul is always a good student and a willing worker. Paul first came to the attention of the public as the Youngest in the play of that name. Since then he has distinguished himself in many ways, notably, interscholastic debate, Oracle work and his production of short stories. As property manager his good work deserves comment.

ARTHUR MINICK

Arthur has this advantage over the McClester twins—his other half is a girl.

Art was on the football squad last year which, with his track work shows that he has athletic ability and likes hard work. Arthur is also a worthy member of the band, where his cornet adds much to the volume.

HELEN MINICK

Helen is noted for two things in high school—her career as guard on the girls' basketball team and her position as violinist in our orchestra.

We will all remember our Sophomore sleigh ride and the fun we had at Minick's, which certainly upheld the Minick reputation for hospitality.

KENNETH MOIR

We had the pleasure of receiving Ken into our number in October, 1926. He adapted himself easily and before the first week was completed he had become a promising "sub" on the football squad.

Ken is a fellow whose ambitions are the highest to say the least. His interests in Baden account for the failure of our girls to charm him.

JEAN MOULD

We have yet to find something that Jean can't do. "Mouldie" is our "all-round girl" and is true to her reputation. The most important of her numerous activities are: President of Girl Reserves, captain of Girls' Basketball team, and editor of Sewihi. She can also sing, dance, plays the piano and is a good student. Quite the girl, in fact!

KATHERINE NICHOLAS

"Ikey" is another of our fair ones renowned for dramatic ability. She is a staunch supporter of the Girl Reserves, Glee Club, and a life long member of long division! ! ! She is a huge success at football ticket selling and has caught many a culprit half way under the fence.

CHARLES D. RICHARDSON, JR.

We mustn't omit that "Jr.," it is a necessary part of the title! Charles is noted far and wide for his wise cracks which certainly help to break the monotony of a hard day's work. Besides being high in his studies, he can do other things too—as playing a sax and (when weather permits) golf!

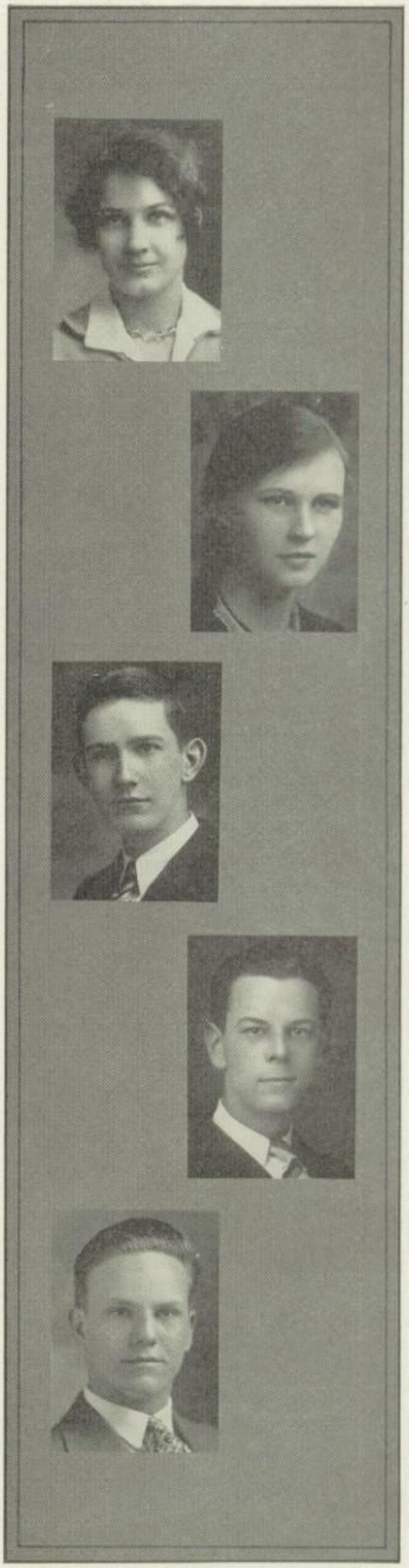
GLENN SHAFFER

Ah—! In our midst we have a wonderful dancer who rivals only Ted Shawn, the world renowned. Not only has he proved himself a ballroom dancer but also an aesthetic dancer of worth.

Glenn is good natured, good looking, well dressed, and popular—particularly with a certain freshman.

LLOYD SMITH

"Smitty" is noted for his wise cracks in chemistry class and elsewhere. Lloyd played one of the leads in "Penrod" and played it well. "Sleepy" obtains much enjoyment from parading up and down "Locker's Row" before school takes up and entertaining his friends by the way-side. He is always in a good humor.



MARY SPROTT

This Mary rivals Mary Brennan for position of smallest Senior. Nevertheless size is no measure of her ability; in that Mary is up to the mark. She is one who was proud enough of her long tresses to resist the force of popular styles. Indeed Mary made a reputation her first year for having a strong and sound mind.

WILFRED TAYLOR

Another well-liked member of our class! "Will" is not an excessive talker, but he manages to do his share in spite of competition. He sits in the front seat in English class. Whether or not he does this to show Miss Kerr that he is eager to answer her questions, we do not know. That he can get his studies is shown by the fact that he takes chemistry and history.

PEGGY WHITE

"Peg" is one of the most active members of the senior class. Her acting ability is not to be taken lightly. Another honor is her position as social chairman. Her motto is "Bigger, better and more socials this year." So far she has done remarkably well.

WINIFRED WHITE

"Winnie" is most famous perhaps for her grace in dancing (especially toe-dancing) and secondly as an actress. Those who saw "The Choir Rehearsal" last year will never forget her as the typical old fashioned maid "Abigail." "Winnie" is an active member of the Student Council, Girl Reserves and the Glee Club.

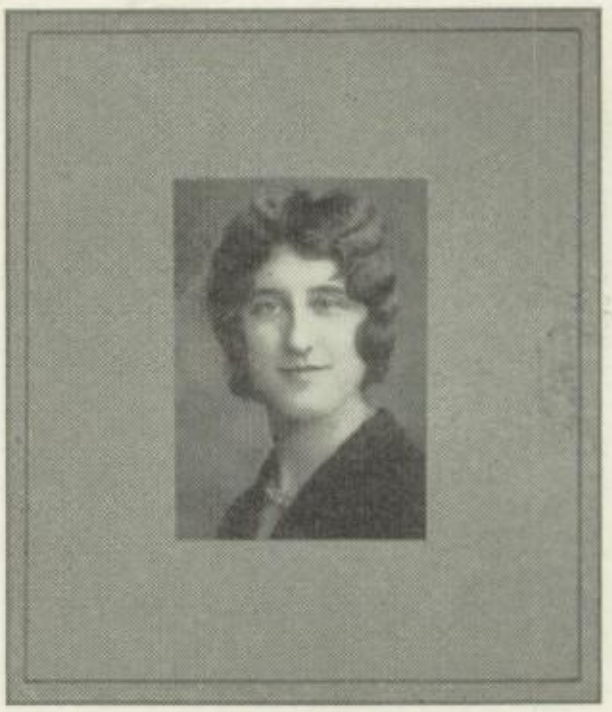
EDITH WHITLOCK

Edith is noted as the most leisurely member of the school. "Her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low"—an excellent thing in woman!

Watch her coming down the hall so tall and dignified, and one knows that she will get there but that it will be at the last minute.

MABEL WYNN

Mabel is one of these people who just "love" school and tests. You know the type! She is noted for her wit and good nature; her interests include writing long stories, poetry and walking with John—in fact she allows him to monopolize most of her time.



Senior Class Song

Tune of On Wisconsin

Onward Ever, Ceasing Never
Class of "28"
Sail the ship of high Endeavor
Toward the goals that wait
Tho in parting, we are starting
On a course that's new,
We'll loyal be, Sewickley High, to you.

Onward Ever, Ceasing Never
Class of "28"
Nothing can our friendships sever;
We hold a faith that's great
Persevering, nothing fearing,
Truth and Loyalty
Our praises be, Sewickley High, to thee.

Onward Ever, Ceasing Never
Class of "28"
'Deeds, not words," our motto ever!
We'll conquer over fate.
Onward striving, still arriving,
Courage must prevail.
Our leader thou, Sewickley High, all hail.

In Memoriam

The Class of

Nineteen Hundred Twenty-eight

CAROLINE DUNCAN

THOMAS EWART

GLENN ABERCROMBIE

Class Poem

To help you know this class of ours
The Class of Twenty-eight,
A fact or two about each one
We briefly will relate.

Favored of fortune is James Carson
Who serves as president
In singing, acting, debating
Strong ability he does present.

Jean Hammer is a dainty girl
Her voice is small in size
But when she speaks we listen hard
Her words are always wise.

Just gaze on Fader's noble brow
And you can see he's bright
One should not disagree with him,
For he is always right.

Llda, a slim and jolly girl,
Well argues in debate
Whether she tries in books or sports
High place she is sure to make.

Jean is the girl we all adore
A leader she'll always make
Basketball and tennis are her sports
We all know she likes "cake."

Paul is an able, clever lad
Both in class room or play.
He's always there with a good will
"All success," to him we say.

George Garrett for typing is famous,
As his classmates all do know—
He's a jolly sort of fellow
Though a serious face he may show.

Next Mary Brennan comes in view,
With rosy cheeks and curly hair.
Each morning finds her hurrying
When the bell rings, she's just there.

Another lass of little height—
Mary Sprott who studies well.
She gets her lessons at any price
And likes them, too; do tell!

Movies seem Kermit's attraction
As usher he's complete.
He is usually seen in action,
Racing the buzzer to his seat.

Sports sound the call for Freddie.
His golf strokes ne'er go wrong.
In basketball he leads them all,
For he's brawny, tall and strong.

Winnie's a dancer of renown
She's fond of other things, too.
As an actress fine we put her down
Always loyal to the "Red and Blue."

Howard is fun maker for us all.
And a student good as well.
He shines as a rooter at some of the games;
He plays where he doesn't yell.

Martha Lowery is pretty and popular, too
Her dimples and smiles quite coy.
With these, we know, she could surely melt
The heart of most any boy.

Ann is an athletic lass
Who shines in basketball
She is near the smallest of our girls,
And most happy of us all.

Clarkie is tall and sweet of voice
A friend we are proud to own,
Her interest is not in studies deep;
In music it is shown.

Helen Cusick's voice is sweet
She has a cultured mind.
We know she has because her acts
Are quiet, thoughtful, kind.

Of Charles's learning we can't say
Praises that speak enough,
For since he studies very hard,
He never has to bluff.

Glenn can typewrite very fine
He cuts his stencil well,
But never has he cut the girls
Since first for them he fell.

Four years ago we saw Gladys
With "Mary Pickford" curls,
Since then she has succumbed to fad
She rolls it like the other girls.

Marygray is the belle of the class—
She has a secret passion
It is to dress according to
The season's latest fashion.

John goes to all Sewickley games
Of Basketball to see—
A certain girl; and when she scores
He cheers right lustily.

There are but few who well can sing.
Our class has one of those,
We love to hear Elizabeth's voice
As up the scale it goes.

Class Poem

"Sade" Buckley is our shorthand shark
She knows her law as well,
Her daily stunt is hunting jokes,
Which to her friends she'll tell.

Natalie is busy all the day.
Of all the commercial classes
She takes a prize; for it is said
In typing she surpasses.

Ralph on his way to school each day
Escorts an Edgeworth lass.
In spite of this interest in Sophomores
He really belongs to our class.

Charles Boyd is the sunshine of the boys,
With vim he beats the drum.
On football field he also played
He keeps things in a hum.

Edward Devine, Irishman true,
Plays football with vigor and vim.
We all look for fun when we see Pat come,
By his "wise cracks" we know him.

K. Nicholas is tall and fair,
Many things have brought her success,
Play acting is one of her specialties
And bake sales, too, we guess.

Clarence with Arthur is often seen
He has hardly ever a frown.
Athletic and studious, handsome, too,
He comes here from Glenfield town.

A boy with wit is one George Clay,
Whose sayings produce laughter gay.
It isn't much he has to do
To make us happy that same way.

Margaret comes daily from the Heights
She earns good grades full well.
Her work she does quite patiently,
As most of her teachers will tell.

Percy Littlecott is a drummer boy
Who makes us want to dance,
When his orchestra begins to play
We all begin to prance.

Michael is a lively sort
When it comes to playing games.
The girls all envy his wavy locks;
His temper is always the same.

Arthur in football and basketball
Has upheld S. H. S.
He's usually seen in a Chevrolet
When he starts for the home address.

Kenneth Moir from another town came here
His high school days to continue.
He's been a good sport, an ardent fan,
And won some good friends, too.

Graceful and tall is our Mabel.
We are not sure what she will be
For of many things she is very fond—
Especially of her "Hammie."

Lloyd is witty and full of fun.
Chewing tooth picks is his fad.
In the art of bluffing he quite excels,
A happy-go-lucky lad.

Wilfred doesn't seem to care
For honors in the class.
Though lessons do not trouble him,
He never fails to pass.

Helen Minick has won a place
In orchestra and gym.
She plays both ball and violin
With lots of pep and vim.

Though Harry is a bashful lad
He's full of fun and wit.
His quick and ready jokes we know
He always makes a hit.

A pleasant boy is Billy Cook,
He's always full of fun.
With time for everything that's up,
His class work always is done.

Catherine Gallaher is a fair-haired girl
Whom we all like, methinks.
She is pleasant and kind to everyone;
Chemistry is her "jinx."

In the midst of a group of players
See Julia, not very tall.
But that seems to be an advantage
When she plays basketball.

Kenneth is another McClester—
The exponent of style,
By concerts on the violin
We know he'll make his pile.

They say the quiet ones in school
Make most successful men;
If this be so, Bob will succeed
A thousand times and again.

The next in line of classmates here
Is Helen Mathews by name—
She has done good work; we are sure she won't
Be overlooked by Fame.

Class Poem

Weston is the kind of lad
That's filled with pep and vim.
If e'er you feel a little blue
He'll put you back in trim.

Max is a popular fellow
With teachers, boys, girls as well.
In plays he shows talent surprising,
With his 'cello he can work a spell.

Peggy is noted for her laugh;
She radiates good cheer.
It's very hard to have the blues
When her happiness is near.

Of Kathryn it may well be said
She misses not a thing.
She is lively and contented
We know how she can sing.

Doug's interests aren't all in his tasks
As you have noted ere this.
He's oftentimes seen here and there
With one or another miss.

Percy Jones a good sport is—
Modest but full of fire.
His loyalty to '28
Is what we most admire.

Some day we'll to a concert go
And David will be there!
For with the violin, you know,
His talent is quite rare.

A modern youth is Richard
Who has one sole intention
To have a gay time in this world—
But studies—please don't mention.

Edith, a carefree, happy miss,
Neyer excited gets.
Her dignity is always strong,
She never, never frets.

We have told of our classmates all
This marks the end of our tale
We'll always remember our good S. H. S.
And try our best not to fail.
When we're called upon in later years
To do our tasks, faithful and true
We recall—that our spirit to do may be strong—
The school of the Red and the Blue.

FINIS

Prophecy

As the curtain rises, two men may be seen, seated on a bench.

First man: "Well, this is the first chance I've had to talk with you, since I registered here last week."

Second man: "Yes, and if Mayor Percy Jones didn't have a birthday today, we'd both be doing some heavy labor."

First man: "By the way, who is that brute of an officer who goes around here with Judge Brennan?"

Second man: "Why, he's a new lieutenant of the State Police; Dolde is his name."

First man: "You don't say. I thought I recognized that face. Well, I don't mind him as much as I do that new Y. M. C. A. director here, you know—Burchill."

Second man (glancing at newspaper): "New York has some lovely stage attractions this week. For instance, the Metropolitan Opera Company is giving 'Carmen' tonight, with Madame Margaret White as 'prima donna.'"

First man: "Oh, that's Peggy—you know, her operetta success encouraged her to take lessons from that famous voice teacher in Erie, Professor Dods."

Second man: "No wonder. Here is another attraction, Marygray Anderson and Gladys Ellerton are playing at the Rialto, in "Topsy and Eva."

First man: "That was a lasting friendship, wasn't it? Say, do you know that Klicker's Broadway Cafe is *The* place in New York at the present time? Boyd's Redheads are playing there, and Senorita Winifred White dances with Senor Shaffer."

Second man: "Come to think of it, Kermit Johns opens a new theater this week. His success has been phenomenal, and this new movie palace has been built regardless of expense."

First man: "I suppose it was built by the Cook and Devine Construction Company?"

Second man: "Absolutely; no one else could have built it in the same manner. The theater opens with Miss Jean Mould's latest story of the desert. Ricardo Giese and Helen Emmert are the stars."

First man: "Do you know that Martha Lowery goes to Atlantic City as Miss Glen Osborne this year?"

Second man: "Martha Lowery? Well, they chose a winner all right, and I suppose her gowns were created in Mademoiselle Brownhill's salon?"

First man: "Of course. Miss Whitlock will have charge of writing up the Beauty Pageant in the papers."

Second man: "Really? Do you know, I just noticed that stock in the Howard Clay Cuban Hair Tonic Corporation has risen three points. Speaking of Cuba, have you heard that four animals escaped from Garrett's Alligator Farm?"

First man: "That's too bad, but he's making enough money with these fads for alligator leather to make up the loss. When you spoke of animals, that just made me remember; Miss Jean Hammer's Swiss Collie took first prize at the Dog Show this year."

Second man: "Well, Jean's love of dogs made her go in for prize winners, and I guess she has some fine pedigreed animals. Say, when you come to think of it, Sewickley has turned out some marvelous athletes. There's Margaret Baumgartel, who is hiking from Sewickley Heights to Pike's Peak."

First man: "There's Llda Jones, who swam from Stoop's Ferry to St. Louis."

Second man: "And only two weeks ago, Miss Katherine Nicholas flew from Haysville to Moscow."

First man: "Do you remember Mabel Wynn? Well, she's married now, and last week in Omaha, she won the International Husband Calling contest. It is said that her call of 'John' was heard all over the Fair Grounds."

Second man: "How interesting. By the way, Lloyd Smith has won the title of World's Champion Flagpole Sitter, and I don't believe Pittsburgh would have won the Series this year, if it hadn't been for Martin's curves."

First man: "You're quite right, and it was pretty tough for those who could get a hit from Martin, with Wes' Clay on short."

Second man: "I heard that Percy Littlecott is playing on the Davis Cup Team this year, and I understand he's visiting Fred Brand. Fred is going to play in the Scotch Open this year, which begins as soon as they find enough balls."

First man: "Speaking of Scotland, Miss Ann McPherson won the Edinburgh Roller-Skating Race this year."

Second man: "Really. I don't suppose you have heard that Helen Minick is coaching the Sewickley girls' teams this year?"

First man: "Why no, I hadn't. I do remember hearing though that Catherine Clark was appointed Music Supervisor of the Sewickley Schools, and come to think of it, our classmates haven't done badly along scholastic lines. There's Moir, for example. He is professor of trigonometry at Edgeworth University now."

Second man: "Sure enough. Then too, Charlie Richardson is Superintendent of the Fair Oaks Schools, and Art Minick teaches Russian there. Natalie Costello, who used to teach Typewriting at Sewickley High, won the World's Handicap Typist Championship for typing 200 words a minute, while singing 'O Sole Mio,' and dancing the clog."

First man: "That surely is a fine representation. Do you know, I heard that Miss Mary Sprott won the National Essay Contest on 'Why I Use Katherine Buckley's Quick Methods of Modern Business.'"

Second man: "How interesting. I suppose you know that Professor Wilfred Taylor has been making a lecture tour of Australia with Robert Helsing as his publicity manager. Well, it seems that they had some trouble over Bob's salary, so he resigned and took up Kangaroo farming."

First man: "Is that so. I wonder if he is making much money in that business. Did you hear that Dr. Feltwell has discovered a cure for Long Division Fever? He has had to add three assistants to help Miss Brennan take care of all the patients."

Second man: "That discovery is going to make him famous. By the way, one of the boys told me that the Sewickley Telephone Company held a contest recently to determine who was the most popular operator, judging by courtesy and voice quality, and, of course, Miss Julia Donald won."

First man: "How interesting. Do you know, I discovered when I was in New York a few months ago, that Martha Watson is secretary at the 'Ambassador.' I was calling on Senator Fader, and he's quite worried over his debate in Congress with Representative Meyer on 'Cancellation of the Chinese Sardine Debt.'"

Second man: "I was in New York not so long ago, and I heard Miss Helen Cusick give a violin recital in Carnegie Hall, accompanied by Miss Catherine Gallaher on the harmonica."

First man: "Speaking of music, Miss Helen Matthews is going on a piano recital tour of the West. What on earth are you rubbing on your arm?"

Second man: "Why, this is some of McClester Brothers Liniment for Man and Beast."

First man: "Well, I believe the dining room is open now, I hope you will come down with me and eat."
Second man: "I certainly will. We must talk over things some more."

Exeunt hastily.

Be an Optimist

Although we'll find some sadness
Where ever we may go,
Let's fill our hearts with gladness,
And strive to keep them so.

If at the early dawning,
We do not feel just right;
Let's not start out by frowning
And keep it up 'till night.

But rather, drive away the frown,
And chase the clouds away.
Thus will we bring the sunshine down,
And keep it here all day.

When people seem to be weary,
And feel all down and out;
Just keep right on being cheery,
Don't let them make you pout.

This world is full of sadness;
We see it every day.
Our duty is to bring gladness,
And chase that gloom away.

So smile when skies are cloudy,
As you smile when they are blue;
For the joy you spread around you
Will all come back to you.

HELEN CUSICK, '28.

Class Will

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

We, the class of 1928 of Sewickley High School, being about to pass out of this worthy and distinguished institution, in full possession of well trained minds and having certain admirable traits of character, do hereby make, publish, and declare this our Last Will and Testament:

Item I.—Firstly, to the class of 1929, we leave the responsibility and leadership which we have at all times tried to uphold. May they successfully carry on the work so well begun by us and meet with as few obstacles as possible in following out this task.

Secondly:—We bequeath the privilege of entering the front portals of this, our magnificent building. That they may enjoy this to the fullest extent is our earnest wish.

Thirdly:—We bequeath the privilege of being under the watchful guidance of our most beloved friend and teacher, Mrs. Peterson.

Fourthly:—We leave the honor of being the rightful occupants of our distinguished seats in Room 220 and in the Auditorium.

Item II.—To the class of 1930 we leave the good fellowship and never-ending friendship which we have shown to our classmates.

Secondly:—We give and bequeath our dear friend, teacher and advisor, Miss Kerr. May they profit by her wise council and enjoy her keen witticisms as we have done in the past.

Item III. We bequeath to the class of 1931 the power of overcoming the difficulties which are constantly occurring throughout the high school course.

Item IV.—Upon the Orchestra and Glee Club we bestow our musical ability so wonderfully brought out by our talented leader, Mrs. Egolf, under whose guidance we have enjoyed many happy hours.

Item V.—To our worthy Superintendent, Mr. Conway, members of the faculty, and to the rest of the school we leave our love and the memory of the happy times spent in our high school days. Our possessions, we hope, may be an aid in furthering the desirable qualities which Sewickley High School strives to attain.

In witness whereof, we, the testators of this our will, have set our hand and seal this twenty-second day of June, Anno Domini, one thousand and nine-hundred and twenty-eight.

(Signed) THE CLASS OF 1928.

Witnesses:—

MRS. R. L. PETERSON

L. H. CONWAY

Senior Class History

Now that commencement draws near, the class of '28 is not so anxious for vacation, because with June, our high school days are over.

There are many reasons why we regret to leave S. H. S., but perhaps the main one is that our days here have been so pleasant and happy, and the bonds of friendship for our school and for our classmates have grown so strong that we may look upon our high school days as ones most worth while. With the joyous memories, come the sad ones. Bonds of friendships have already been broken in the deaths of our classmates, Caroline Duncan, Thomas Ewart, and Glenn Abercrombie.

It is interesting to note the various attitudes of our class during these four years. As Freshmen, we were proud of establishing the reputation of being the brightest and largest class that had ever entered our school. We must have been on the alert to pass such effective intelligence tests and then to have deepened that impression through our class record. Having reached the rank of Juniors, we became more happy-go-lucky and smiled at life and school. It was then that it was rumored we were living somewhat on our reputation, but that didn't worry us much. Even as Seniors, it has been said we are not as dignified as we should be; but as a whole, we feel that our class presents a very impressive array of stalwart fellows and attractive girls.

We have a large group of talented musicians in our group—players of violin, 'cello, piano, drum, saxophone. Our singers were prominent in operettas, both last year and this. Our field representatives spent many busy evenings in the spring developing themselves for their specialties. Our football and basketball teams were marked by the number of seniors enrolled. Our ability in acting has brought letters to an unusually large group.

Yes, we take great pride in being the class of '28, pride in our school, pride in our friends and teachers, pride in the memories of the past four years. and finally, we take pride in graduating from Sewickley High School.

L. L. J., '28.

That Dear Old Doll

Oh, how I loved her—that dear old doll!
Oh, how I lugged her through room and hall!
Oh, how I worshipped, with all my might,
That dear old doll, that mother called "a fright!"

'Tis true—I admit it—that eyes she had none;
And all of her paint had been bleached by the sun.
Yet she was at my side, by day and by night,
Though my sister always called her "after-a-fight!"

'Tis true—I admit it—that her clothes were awfully raggy,
And her hair (what remained) was very long and straggly,
But I hugged her and kissed her with such a childish vim!
Each time Grandma scolded and called her "that frightful sin!"

I know that to my father she was nothing more
Than just the worst kind of blight.
And when Grandpa found her lying on the floor
She was always—yes, always—"just a sight!"

But I loved her, through summer, spring or fall,
Yes—and with all my childish might,
'Till Billy used her—clothes and all
As a wonderful "tail for his kite!"

PEGGY WHITE, '28.

Rain

Rain!
The cool, gray, sparkling nectar of the skies,
Drunk in by the soft warm lips of mother earth,
Reviving the spirit deadened by long sleep
And resurrecting all that winter claimed.

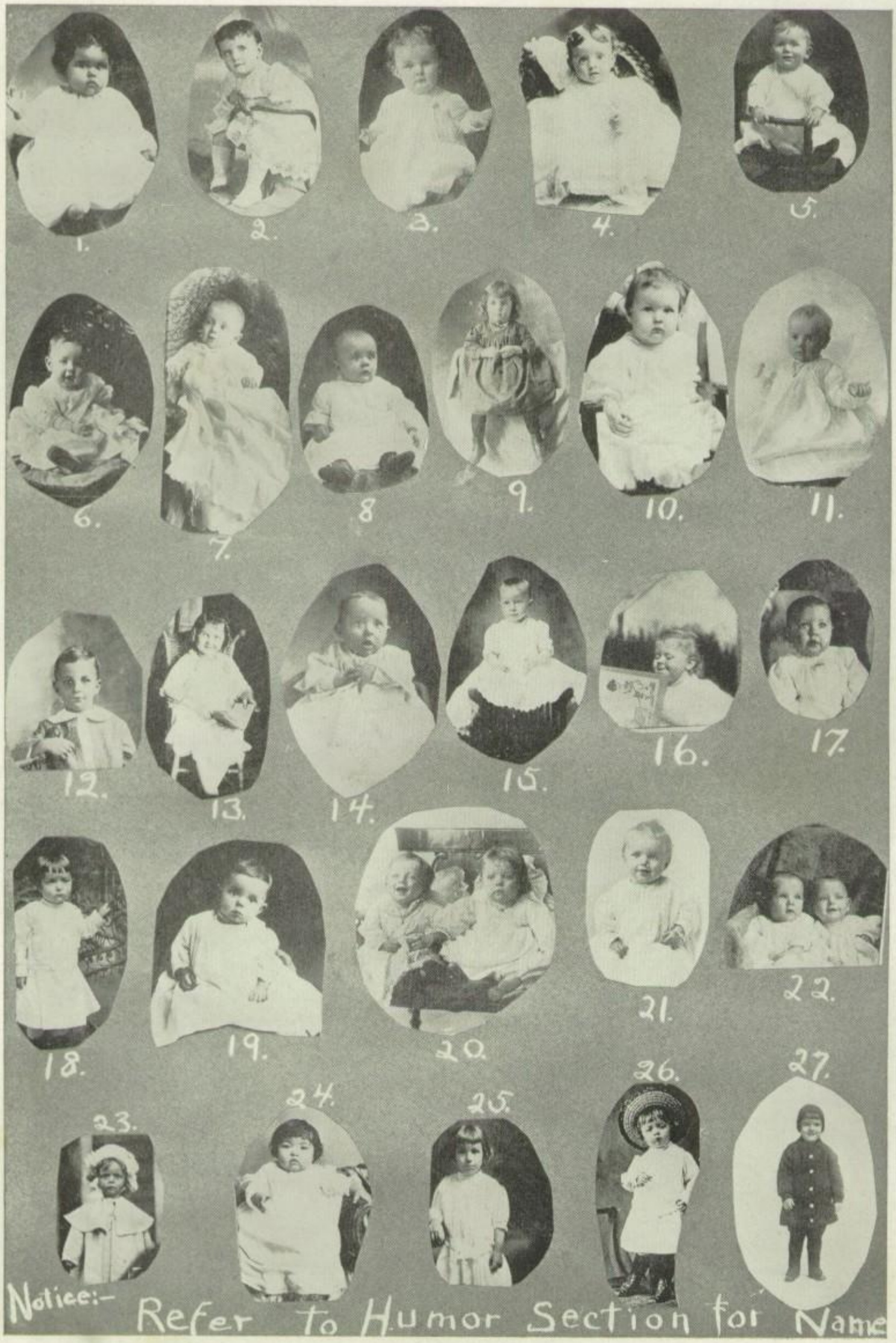
Rain!
A powerful, dominating ruler now;
Beating, bending, breaking all that comes its way.
Stronger than great nature's most powerful growth
It rules supreme, the great God's gift to man.

WINIFRED S. WHITE, '28.

When you're worrying about things that don't count,
When you're finding your troubles beginning to mount,
Just keep smiling away at the world each day
And soon you will find they will all melt away.

When you've laughed at Defeat and conquered it,
When you've scorned Failure and overcome it,
When Success and Victory have finally been won,
Then you've got to admit, after all, it was fun.

L. E. SMITH, JR., '28.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Notice:- Refer to Humor Section for Name

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SENIOR AUTOGRAPHS

Betty Bond
JUNIORS

Junior Class History

President - - - - - - CHARLOTTE MERZ
Secretary - - - - - - NANCY WALTERS
Treasurer - - - - - - HELEN BARTON

Upon entering High School as freshmen in 1925, we soon learned that we had, among us, a few who created amusement, others who added brawn, and some real students. At times we would get lost while going from one class to another and would get into a Senior room; how scared we were! Nevertheless, we were not long in showing the upper classmen that we were able to hold our own and to make ourselves heard, for when the first big snow fall came, our social committee planned a most sucessful sleigh ride, followed by a party at Andrew Black's home. Later in the year when the annual Sewihi campaign was held, our ships were successful in attaining second and third places. Our boys shone in the orchestra, on the football and basketball teams.

The fall of 1926 found us all back at the old grind. We were sophisticated Sophomores, but we felt almost as in our first year, in that on the first day we reported to the new building, and everything seemed changed. It didn't take our class long, though to make ourselves at home, having had experience the year before. They were members of our class whom Professor Stewart directed in his famous chapel programs. Of course, we can't forget the radio station, the play "Beans," or the lectures by "Sir Stewart, late from England." Another most memorable sleigh ride brings recollections of many a face washed in the snow and many a hat lost.

Now we are Juniors. This year we partook in more school functions than in the previous years. Some of us were in plays and the operetta, others on the various teams. From the first part of the year, we planned and looked forward to the Junior Prom. Dancing class was held twice a week for several weeks beforehand, so that all might share in our big social function. An unusually large number attended the Prom. We hope that the Seniors enjoyed it as much as we.

We are now looking forward to next year, when we expect to prove ourselves one of the best Senior classes ever in the Sewickley High School.

Junior Class Roll

Jane Ardery
Helen Barton
Louise Bentz
Margaret Elizabeth Bishop
Marie Brush
Phoebe Campbell
Jane Connelly
Eleanor Critchlow
Catherine Dempsey
Ruth Doig
Jane Doughty
Dorothy Famous
Mary Haley
Rosalia Hammer
Margaret Hennessy
Helen Holman
Dorothy Jetter
Olive Johnson
Gladys Lothian
Margaret Magee
Marie Mays
Mildred Mays
Charlotte Merz
Margaret Moorhead
Louise Neely
Mildred Ohlman
Elizabeth Pollinger
Virginia Richardson
Anna Sickeler
Gillen Smith
Mildred Smith
Marie Steup
Ella Stewart
Catherine Stewart
Helen Stoffel
Ethel Vinall
Nancy Walters
Nancy Watson

Robert Blackwell
William Boggs
William Boyd
Allan Czillinger
Frank Czillinger
Ernest Cook
Stanley Cook
James Dillon
John Gallaher
William Grey
John Hamilton
Eugene Harrison
Anthony Henrici
Franklin Hiteshew
Herbert Hosking
Arthur Hite
Glenn Kautz
George Kirk
George Kuipers
John Lutz
James McCracken
John McElwain
Sherman McPherson
Ross Mechlin
Carl Musgrave
Harrison Myers
Frank Nicholas
James Porter
James Reno
John Rosenfeld
John Swoope
Jacob Weber
Edwin Young

'NUF CED!

Strike Three! 'YER OUT

Me and TILDEN

BE POPULAR OVER-NIGHT! PLAY A SAX!

SIAMESE TWINS

is She good LooKING! (and HOW)

Bashful?

Ladies, ATTENTION!!

"IZZY"

Help Wanted

Peek-a-boo!

Yoo-hoo, Louise

Betty Bond
SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Class History

President - - - - - - ROBERT HAMILTON
Vice President - - - - - - JOHN CARSON
Secretary - - - - - - JANE KUNKLE

Here we are back again—some of us happier, some sadder, perhaps—but all of us a little wiser, and as sophisticated as tradition decrees Sophomores should be.

Last term we won distinction for ourselves, guided by our officers, James Wilhelmy, Herman Beck and Frank Cook, and so this year we entered the glorious realm of Senior High School. We realized the great importance of this step, and we determined to live up to the standards set by the preceding Sophomore Classes. Thus far this year we have made swift progress. We have in our ranks many students of no mean ability in both athletics and the arts. This fact is proved by the work of our boys and girls who took part in "Penrod" and "Tulip Time," and our representative on the football and basketball teams. We have shown our loyalty to S. H. S. by our enthusiastic attendance at ball-games, pep-meetings and the many socials.

Above all, we have tried to win the admiration of our "betters," the Juniors and Seniors, for we have found them not the haughty and scornful persons we had imagined them to be, but friendly, sympathetic, and the truest of sports. We are striving to follow the good example of sportsmanship and fair play which they have set, and hope to better it for we have an ambition to be the best class in S. H. S. history.

Sophomore Class Roll

Dorothy G. Aston
Grace O. Baumgartel
Ethel G. Boggs
Elizabeth D. Bond
Margaret C. Boyd
Genevive A. Brawley
Garnet Buck
Edna A. Clay
Mary Callaghan
Margaret S. Campbell
Erma Clay
Clide Collins
Ruth Crouse
Robina Doig
Lilian Doughty
Elizabeth G. Douglass
Mary Louise Mummey
Aileen Meiser
Mary Martin
Theresa Molinaro
Kathryn Meiser
Nancy Meyer
Barbara Merrill
Rachel Merrill
Hazel McMaster
Evelyn McLaughlin
Dorothy McCullough
Adelaide Murphy
Eleanore Nash
Esther Nardo
Dorothea Savage
Nancy Rettig
Marguerite Ritchey
Elsie Woods
Mary Young
Marie Zeible
Olive Newbury
Florence Douglass
Garnet Douglass
Louise Foht
Alice Ford
Florence Ford
Dorothy Gangloff
Catherine Gregg
Mary Grubbs
Thelma Nacker
Dorothy Hallstein
Dorothy Helmer
Wilma Hunter
Dorothy James

Betty Keir
Alma Kohler
Jane Kunkle
Florence Lang
Pauline Legato
Marion Lindberg
Nancy MacPherson

Robert Barton
Herman D. Beck
Fred A. Belson
Leon C. Benzenhoefer
Edward Brennan
Charles Butler
John B. Carson
Palmer Chambers
Ray C. Clark, Jr.
Frank R. Cook
John Curtis
Lynwood Diggs
Frank L. Dolde
Walter Nevin
Bertyl Neely
Vincent O'Bryan
Samuel Purdy
William Richardson
Walter Rye
Joseph Shannon
Joseph Schallack
Donald Slem
George Weber
James Wilhelmy
William Wharton
Joseph McDonough
George Greene
Frank Greenhouse
Milton Hahn
William Hallam
Robert Hamilton
Everett Naslett
Roy Hegner
William Janosik
William Jarvis
Isaac Kohler
Henry Luntz
George MacDonald
John McCann
Charles McConnell
John McCrea
Bernard Myer

TRAFFIC COP!

JUST A GANG of US

Cleaning the Town

Holding down the steps at noon

THAT BEAVER GAME

Bertil and Kenny

"Red", Guise, Martin, and MINICK IN FACT, — Seniors!

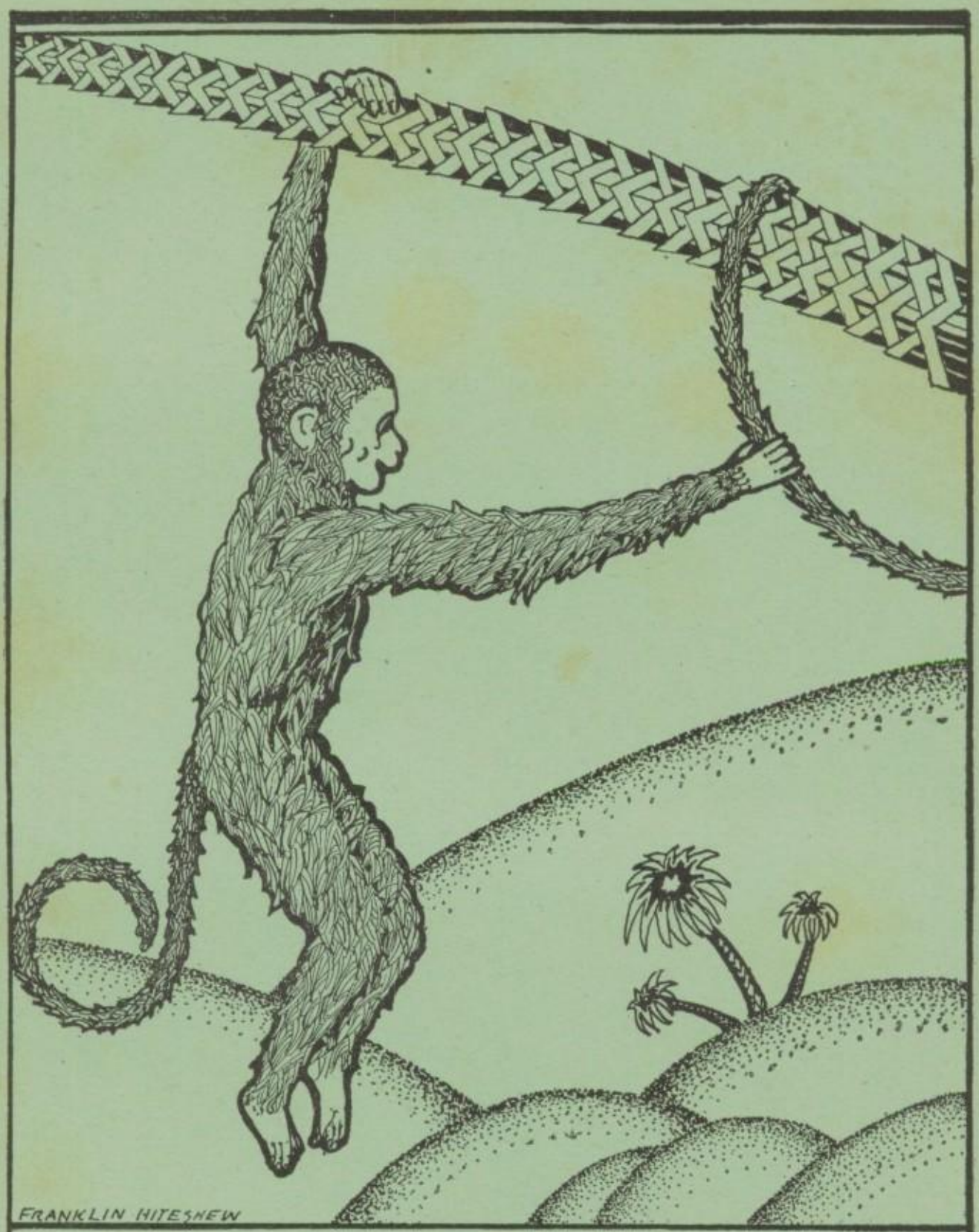
Clean UP Sewickley!

Helen's a Flapper

Football Heroes \. Ahem!

DIGNIFIED SENIORS IN 7th Grade

Miss Koehler in the gay nineties



JUNIOR HIGH

History of the Freshman Class

At the opening of school the ninth grade enrolled a hundred and nine members. Worthy of mention is the fact that this was the largest class in the building. Many students came from outlying districts of the valley to begin their high school career at Sewickley. Indeed our group was so large that four assembly rooms were required to accommodate us. The class officers for the year were:

President - - - - - ALEXANDER GRAY

Secretary - - - - - ESTHER TRUDELL

Since we were now Freshmen in High School, we were permitted a little choice in what we would study, the school offering four courses:—academic, commercial, mathematic and general. This added greatly to our feeling that a new and most interesting time of activity had opened for us, so we did our best to make a wise choice.

E. T., '31.

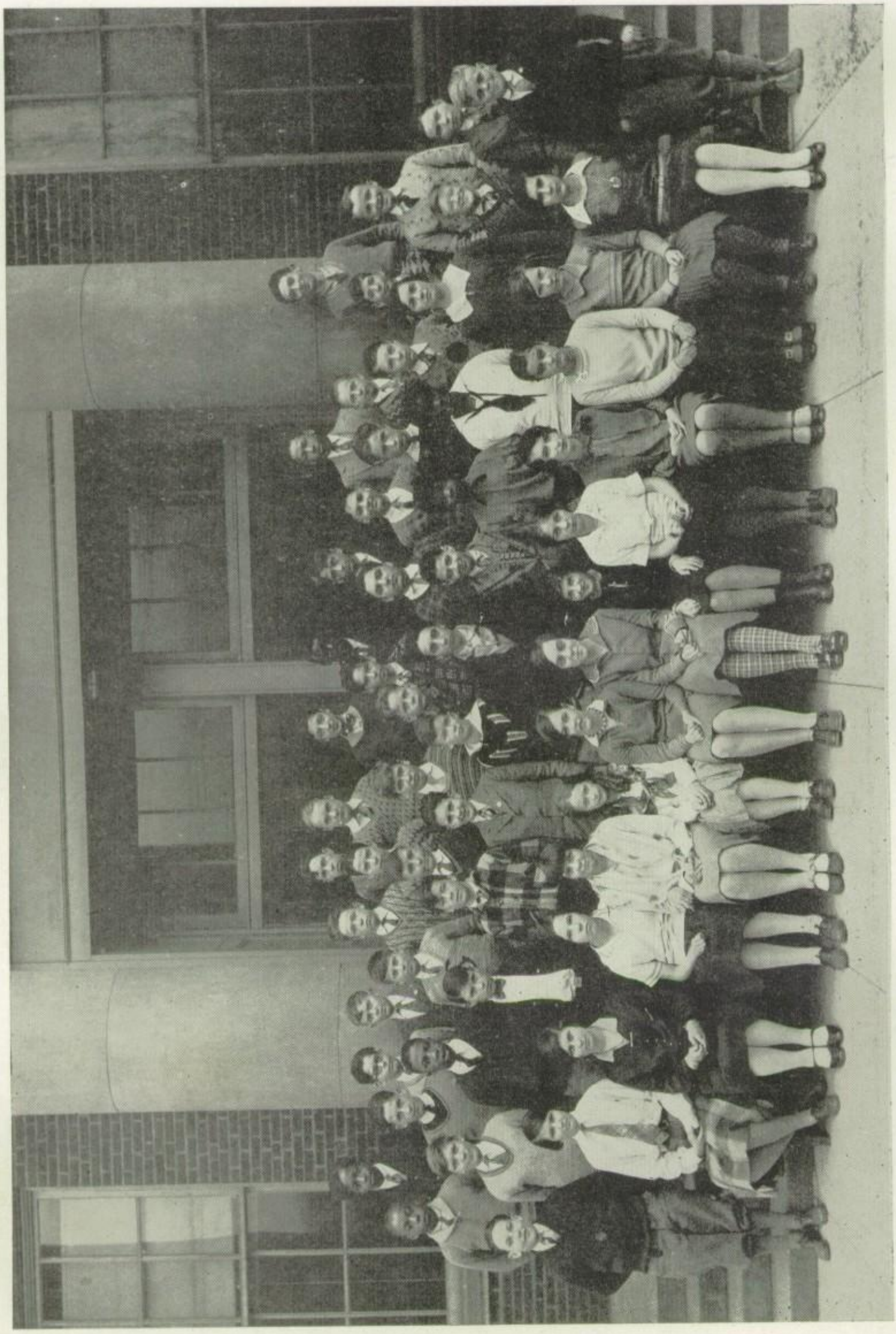
Freshmen Class Roll

Mary Abraham
Katharine Alexander
Florence Azar
Suzan Azar
Ruth Baumgartel
Providence Bova
Ethel Brush
Helen Carroll
Frances Challis
Dorothy Concelman
Wilma Concelman
Jane Conn
Lydia Eckard
Mary Egler
Anna Crothers
Alvena Flora
Vivian Ford
Dorothy Geyser
Dorothea Graham
Dorothy Greuey
Irene Greuey
Edith Hatton
Elizabeth Hegner
Helen Hegner
Evelyn Holman
Naomi Hunter
Irene Jackson
Margaret Nash
Christine Nicholas
Mary Novak
Adeline Denardo
Hollis Virginia Payne
Helen Elizabeth Lee
Grace Lewis
Gretchen Little
Marghretta Luty
Jane Martin
Jane Mitchell
Sara Murdoch
Elizabeth Peterson
Irene Pryor

Alice Purvis
Elizabeth Jennings
Betty Patterson
Marion Rand
Alice Roth
Carolyn Scheele
Sara Scott
Regina Seibert
Velma Shay
Helen Sheats
Mildred Sloan
Betty Smith
Helene Smith
Mary Sovak
Dorothy Stevens
Betty Terry
Mary Thompson
Esther Trudell
Halois Walker
Virginia Walker
Jemima Walkingshaw
Mary Weiss
Gertrude Westfall
Mary Thorne White
Margaret Yeakel

David Adams
Paul Balles
Wently Beadnell
Parker Berg
William Brown
Basil Butler
George Chubb
John Churchill
Nisbet Critchlow
Hansel Curcio
John Ellis
Russell Emmert
John Curry

Alfred Flora
John Ford
Alex Gray
John Haley
Frank Hartle
Ausborne Harris
Jack Heffron
Edward Heilman
William Helmer
Ray A. Holman
William Jones
Leo John Kirk
Allan Newbury
Joe Hatton
Robert Hays
Albert Lauf
Fred McMillen
Bernard McCormick
William MacKeen
James Marks
Arthur Martin
Frank Maruca
Natale Maruca
William Mauro
Leo Meyer
Richard Morris
Joe Otrahalik
Gordon Ponting
Edward Yost
John O'Laughlin
Mark Rettig
Victor Rossi
Arthur Sheats
Earl Smith
Ernest Toward
John Wallace
Robert Wright
Wilbert Wurner
Theodore Young
Robert James Springer
James Savage



History of the Eighth Grade

President - - - - - - GEORGE PURDY

Treasurer - - - - - - JAMES BOYD

Secretary - - - - - BRADLEY MCCORMICK

The work of our grade last year was properly rewarded as we all entered into the Eighth Grade ready to do a full year's work, and with all honorable intentions of upholding S. H. S. standards.

Two notable achievements were won by the Eighth Grade this year. First, we won the school cup in the Clean Up Campaign; and second, we led in banking most of the year.

Doing our best and trying to our utmost ability to enter the portals of the Freshman year, we are the Class of 1932.

R. B. McC., '32.

Emma Brush
Roselyn Curry
Pauline Delach
Mildred Dillon
Elizabeth Dixon
Gwendolyn Fisher
Lucille Greenhouse
Cecile Rupert
Ruth Tucker
Donald Baird
Antonio Bova
William Brooks
George Cook
John Diggs
Joseph Doig
James Doughty
Richard Edmonds
Leonard Gariti
Wilbur Gibb
Albert Hussong
Samuel Lanzarotta
Charles Littlecott
Charles Lucas
Jack Lucas
Robert McCully
Charles Montgomery
Albert Murphy
Santa Porto
Marshall Seay
George Stone
Hayes Wells
Richard Morrow
Joseph Branch
Francis Crothers
Bob McDonald
William Mays

Shirley Campbell
Ruth Challis
Ethel Chubb
Dorothy Fisher
Margaret Handy
Mary Kedar
Jeanne Lowery
Virginia Mather
Carolyn Mosset
Kathryn Neely
Mary Roche
Elizabeth Rye
Gizella Wagner
Beatrice McFarland
James Boyd
William Bradley
Wilbur Burnard
Robert Cochran
Joe Cook
Edward Ellis
Kenneth Emmert
James Fullman
Barton Gibb
Jack Hanlon
Billy Jetter
William Kain
Charles McKeen
David McConnell
Bradley McCormick
Timothy Merrill
Jack Nichol
George Purdy
Donald Ross
Charles Stone
David Walkingshaw
Richard Morrow

History of the Seventh Grade

President - - - -	La Verne Shaffer
Vice President - - - - -	Eugene Fels
Secretary - - - - -	Margery McMaster
Assistant Secretary - - - -	Jessie Rand

We entered the new building last September with about one hundred members. We were eager to begin our new experiences, but at first had a number of difficulties to face, for we had a strange building, a different schedule of classes, and new teachers. Of course we were "green" to all the new ways, but we determined we would not always be so.

Our class was divided into three sections, this being the first time in the history of the school that there have been three seventh grade classes. This division made us feel rather lost until the election of officers was held in Room 107 on September 22. After that we felt we knew ourselves. The second class meeting was held in Room 102 for the election of a Student Council Representative. As a result of this election, Ruth Taggart became our representative.

We have supported the entire school in the sale of tickets. In March, at the sale of tickets for the High School play, "Penrod," the 7A class ranked second.

Our aim is for a bigger and better school through loyalty and service.

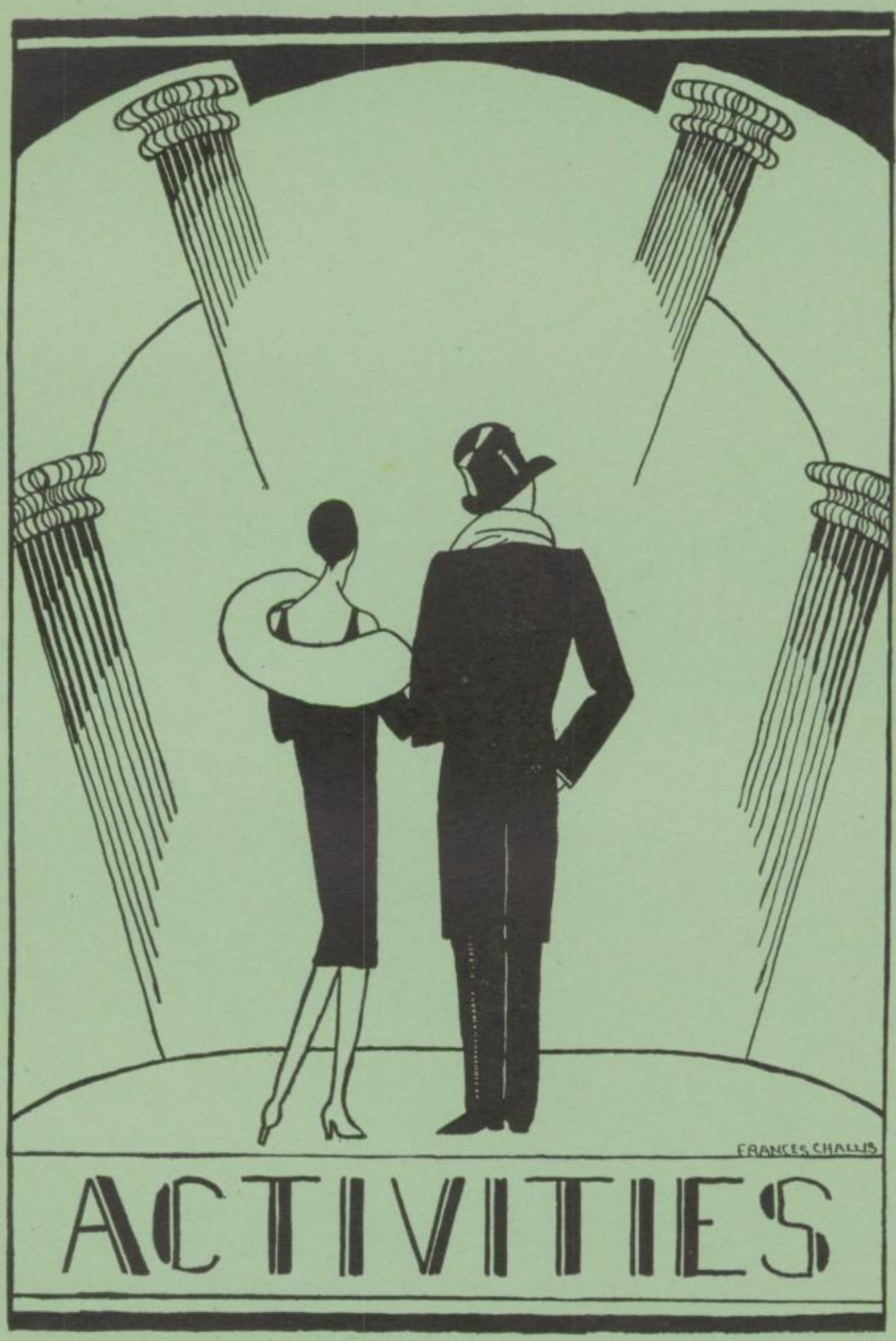
M. L. M., '33.

The Seventh Grade Roll

Harriet Cuckenberger
Cornelia Davis
Marjorie Ellerton
Helen Hutchman
Gwendolyn Kirk
Margaret Martin
Sara Musgrave
Ruth Myers
Margery McMaster
Jane McPherson
Amelia McRae
Marie Nauman
Hazel Norton
Dorothy Ohlman
Jessie Rand
Wanella Roe
Reva Jane Taggart
Ruth Taggart
Bernice Young
Dorothy Cusick
Adelaide Peters
James Crooks
William Ellis
Samuel Fader
Eugene Fels
James Graham
Jack Hahn
Thomas Maruca
Russel Newbury
Forney Reeves
Walter Richey
Elverton Roe
Ronald Scott
Wayne Shaffer
Donald Stoffel
Jack Wessenauer
Donald Witherspoon

Lucille Abercrombie
Agnes Adams
Emily Boyd
Muriel Carman
Helen Carter
Elizabeth Cochran
Gladys Dailey,
Mary Martha Drynan
Margaret Eckard
Helen Ford
Grace Haley
Ida Halter
Thelma Heffnan
Jean Kedar
Edith Lang
Armenia Legato
Jennie McVeigh
Sarah Ritchey
Dorothy Thomson
Muzzy Vescio
Elvira Wallace
Mary Brotherly
Gwendolyn Morgan
Helen Douglass
Allen Anderson
Ebenezer Anderson
Robert Ford
William Harkness
LaVerne Shaffer
Robert Toward
Paul Trudell
Charles Wehrum
Donald Wilson
Leslie Wilson
William Young

Genevieve Andrews
Flossie Branch
Mary Brotherly
Dorothy Cusick
Helen Douglass
Mildred Green
Jennie Merriman
Ethel Morehead
Louise Rucker
Mary Turner
Cora Lee Steele
Mittie Lee Jones
Gwendolyn Morgan
Carrie Mae Green
Dorothy Louise Craig
Howard Branch
Frank Bush
Joseph Gariti
Jack Heckler
Thomas Ingram
George Joseph
Willard Klicker
Mike Maruca
William Mays
Clement Molinaro
William Payne
Joseph Sacco
Jack Stuart
Malcolm Taylor
Clyde Shoup
Kelly Elliot Minor
Ralph Webster Blake
Ralph Porterfield
Harold Nash
Edward Willoughby
William Phillips


FRANCES CHALLIS
ACTIVITIES

Student Council

The Student Council had its origin in Sewickley High School in 1926. This year it began its work with James Carson, John Dods, Lloyd Smith and Winifred White as Senior representatives; Stanley Hunt, Louise Neely and John Swoope, Junior members; Robert Hamilton and George MacDonald, as Sophomore representatives. Mr. Hood became the Council advisor for the year. James Carson, president of the Senior class, automatically became president of the Council. At the first meeting John Dods was elected vice president, and Winifred White, secretary-treasurer. The chairmen of the squads were: Nancy Walters, usher committee; Fred Brand, assembly squad chairman; Howard Clay, lunch room squad; Charles Richardson, sanitation squad; and William Fader, traffic squad chairman. Because of moving and resignation the Council lost four members of the immediate group and the squads, and gained four new ones who were George Clay, Charlotte Merz, Stanley Cook and Eugene Harrison.

A Quiet Day was inaugurated on February 28. The quietness of the school was appalling, and the cooperation was almost perfect.

The Student Council also took charge of the work for Clean Up Week. The Junior and Senior Councils were united in their efforts, and, although the school did not receive the county cup, the town became more beautiful under the work of the student body. A parade opened the week of the campaign, April 2.

There was a social side to the work of the Student Council this year. They sponsored two dances. One was a "wiener roast" and dance on October 17. The second was an Easter dance held Friday, March 23. The Pre-College Conference boys who were in Sewickley for the week-end became the Council's guests.

The year ended with hopes for a "Bigger and Better" Student Council in Sewickley next year.

W. S. W., '28.

The Orchestra

The orchestra of this year under the competent leader, Mrs. Egolf, has added new laurels to its achievements of the past. In addition to the regular appearance at assembly, the playing for the High School plays and the operetta, they entertained the Kiwanis Club with several selections and rendered their services at the Leetsdale High School on the occasion of the awarding of the prizes for the Clean Up—Paint Up Campaign.

There is a general feeling that our orchestra is an exceptionally good one, as is evidenced by the hearty reception given by students and outsiders whenever it appears. Realization of this leads us to put forth our best, and so we make our orchestra work count for the most.

The different instruments are presented thus:

Violins: Helen Minick, Helen Cusick, Dorothy James, Donald Slem, Henry Luntz, Joseph McDonough, George Kuipers, David Klicker, Ross Mechlin, Carl Musgrave; 'cello: Max Feltwell, Percy Littlecott; French horn: Glenn Kautz; saxophone: Charles D. Richardson, Jr., Roy Hegner; cornet: Robert Blackwell, James McCracken, William Boyd, Robert Barton; clarinet: Anthony Henrici, Frank Cook, George MacDonald; flute: Bernard Meyer; drum, George Clay, Charles Boyd; piano: Catherine Clark.

The members of the orchestra feel that they owe a great deal to Mrs. Egolf for her able instruction and for the generosity with which she gives extra time and attention to its interest.

C. D. R., Jr., '28.

Interscholastic Debates

Interscholastic debates this year were conducted on a larger scale and were of a little different order from the usual. Instead of one team, we had two, and each team had an alternate. The affirmative team was composed of Llda Jones and Paul Meyer with Fred Brand as alternate. The negative—William Fader, James Carson and Marygray Anderson as alternate. The question was: "Resolved that the United States should cancel all World War Debts owed her by European Powers." With hard work and fine coaching, Sewickley High School turned out two teams capable of winning their way to the semi-finals.

In the first debate, with Leetsdale, February 8, both our teams won. The negative debated in the afternoon in our auditorium and the affirmative in the evening in Leetsdale's auditorium.

The next two were on the evening of March 14 with our negative team debating Coraopolis in their auditorium and our affirmative at home. At this debate due to the sudden illness of Llda Jones, Fred Brand debated on the affirmative team.

By winning one victory in this debate, ours was the right to meet Har-Brac April 4, at Etna High School. Here in a double debate carried on from 7:45 to 10:45, the negative won and the affirmative lost. The decision had to be taken on points; in this way Har-Brac won.

At a banquet at Pitt Faculty Club to which all teams were invited, the debaters were presented with bronze medals.

With two defeats and four victories the teams as a whole were very successful. The school was well represented, and the debaters and their coach, Miss Rush, deserve our hearty thanks. For Miss Rush we can say—never did a coach give more generously and untiringly of her time and attention.

M. R. A., '28.

The Oracle

The columns of the Herald devoted to the interests of the High School continue to present a careful record of the chief events and news items of interest from the school world. In fact we believe that a scrap-book filled with clippings from it would make an acceptable memory book. In addition this work affords practice in journalism to twelve of our students with commendable results.

This year some new features were developed. In several noteworthy articles and in the editorial features, "Foibles of Our Race" and "Facts About Sewickley High School," we have succeeded in attaining originality and individuality to a marked degree. Of course a certain amateurish flavor was present; but that is due to lack of experience. We feel that few apologies are necessary, as the general level of the work was high.

In accordance with last year's plan, the editor-in-chief worked with two staffs, each with its own editor, in charge of The Oracle on alternate weeks.

The following students contributed:

Editor-in-Chief	Anthony Henrici
Staff Editors	Jean Hammer, Paul Meyer
Senior Reporters	Winifred White, Max Feltwell
Junior Reporters	Glenn Kautz, Margaret Hennessy
Sophomore Reporters	Barbara Merrill, George MacDonald
Junior High Reporters	Mary Thorn White, Billy Jetter
Boys' Athletics	John McCann
Girls' Athletics	Ann McPherson
Social Events	Peggy White

The High School Band

This year, under the supervision of Mrs. Egolf, something new was introduced in the High School. For the first time we have had a sufficient aggregation of the right kind of instruments to attempt the formation of a band. By dint of hard labor the band was ready to play for the first football game at home. The snappy marches played at that and later games undeniably did much to generate pep. The concerts given in the chapel programs, quite probably augmented the student body's appreciation of good music a great deal. The success of the new organization this years points to a still greater field of action in 1928-1929.

Leader, Robert C. Blackwell; trumpets, Robert Barton, Joseph Shallack, John Wallace, Robert Wright; E flat, Clement Molinaro, Joe Gariti; saxophones, Charles Richardson, Frank Cook, Roy Hegner; trombone, Anthony Bova; clarinets, Alfred Flora, George MacDonald, Anthony Henrici, Samuel Lanzarotto; fife, Bernard Meyer; bass horn, Glenn Kautz; drums, George Clay, Percy Littlecott.

R. B., '29.

Glee Club and Operetta

"Tulip Time" had been selected for this year's presentation by the Glee Club, and the songs made an early hit with the singers. Trials were made for the various parts. This took much time and careful thought as the competition was quite heated. Ned, the leading part, was won by James Oakley Carson, Jr. His ability placed him far in the lead at an early part of the contest. Then indeed was earnest endeavor displayed by those seeking the part of Christina, the Dutch heroine. You see, Ned was a student from the United States visiting Holland to study tulips. Professor Theophilus McSpindle, played by John Dods, was an authority on botany, and especially two-lips. Ask Cake. The choruses were composed of American students, co-eds, and Dutch villagers. Margaret Boyd White finally surpassed her opponents and won the prize part of the operetta, Christina, and incidentally became Carson's stage heroine. Weston Clay, as Dick, Ned's chum, showed excellent ability and surpassed even last year's performance. Elizabeth Cannon was the happy girl who had the honor and pleasure of being his Dutch sweetheart, Katinka. But the love-making didn't cease with these couples. No indeed. Even the stern professor's heart was lost, and found by a charming lady, Anna, Christina's guardian. This part was very well taken by Gladys Lothian. Most Dutch of the Dutch was Hans, a young apprentice. He led the chorus in a dance which formed a hit of the program. Bob Barton, though rather small and inexperienced—just a Soph, you know—filled the part very well, and with his lusty voice and accented words brought some real atmosphere to the scene of tulips with a huge windmill in the background.

But an operetta must have humor. Without jokes, all is lost. The burgomaster was therefore originated to be the clown of "Tulip Time." And indeed, such a clown as was never before seen on a high school stage was portrayed by

Glee Club and Operetta

Arthur McDonald. Every word brought a smile, each sentence a grin, but his songs made the audience roar with laughter.

During a chorus just after the dance led by Hans, Hulda, a Dutch maiden, was called upon to "show them how to dance." And show them she did. Thanks to Winifred White, many attractive dancing parts have been added to high school programs during her years here.

Thus after many days and nights of hard work, and at the cost of many hurried suppers, the operetta neared perfection. As the evening of the performance drew near, the choruses struggled harder, the dancers developed bunions, and the lovers worked over-time. The latter, it is rumored even took home night work, so great was their spirit of loyalty to the Glee Club.

But Mrs. Egolf and her assistants also worked hard. Mrs. Egolf preserved her temper wonderfully in the face of many difficulties. It is largely due to her unfailing determination that so great a success was scored.

One of the unseen workers was Miss Copeland, the dancing instructress. Her efforts were rewarded with unusual success, and her dances were popular with the audience as well as the dancers. The practices were generally more pleasure than work, and many students expressed their regret that "it's all over now."

Llda Jones, the pianist, also deserves much credit. She probably did more work than any other student, as she had to play for all the choruses as well as the solos. Her's was a very hard bill to fill, but she did excellent work.

For several nights before the performance those gay back-stage jokers were interrupted by a curt "Say! will you please keep quiet? If you must talk, *whisper!!*" We certainly deserved much of Miss McPherson's anger, but the students as usual "came through in a pinch" to such an extent that on the night of the performance, the secretary had actually regained her temper!

As everyone knows, "Tulip Time" was a great success. The solos were excellent, and the choruses made quite a general hit.

The Hi-Y Club

President - - - - - - - FRED BRAND, JR.
Vice President - - - - - KENNETH JOHNS
Secretary - - - - - - CHARLES BOYD
Treasurer - - - - - - JOHN MCCANN

Under the splendid leadership of Mr. Parke, the Rev. Mr. Cole, Edward Borger, Mr. Cope and Forrest McComb, about twenty-five to thirty boys met regularly at the Y. M. C. A. every Thursday evening with the purpose of bettering their minds by the study of worthwhile subjects. After a delicious meal served by the mothers, ten minutes were given over to singing and having a good time, after which the boys divided into their respective groups for discussions.

The activities of the Hi-Y this year were greater in number than those of preceding years. The most important were: The Hi-Y Conference at Dubois, the Inner Circle, a short series of talks on "Character Study," given by the Rev. Mr. Reid of the Episcopal Church, the Mother and Son banquet, two meetings with the Girl Reserves, and a joint fair with the Girl Reserves in June.

The Hi-Y Club had the pleasure of having as their guests the members of the New Castle and Woodlawn Hi-Y Clubs and later of visiting their equally successful clubs.

The entire Hi-Y Club sincerely thank Mr. Parke for his splendid leadership of the Senior group and regret to see him leave us, but wish him the best of luck in his new field.

F. C. B., JR., '28.

The Girl Reserve Club

President - - - - - -	Jean Mould
Vice President - - - -	Winifred White
Secretary - - - - - -	Ruth Doig
Treasurer - - - - -	Peggy White

The Girl Reserves this year held their meetings every Thursday in the Annex. Every girl will admit she has learned a great deal under Jean's able leadership and under the supervision of Miss Kerr and Miss McPherson acting with Miss Miller.

At our meetings we have held discussions on such topics as the Meaning of Friendship, The Development of Courage, and others which were very interesting and helped to create the Girl Reserve spirit of friendship, loyalty and service. Among the speakers of the year were Mrs. Egolf, Miss Bayley of the Central Branch and Miss Rush who entertained at our Christmas meeting.

The social features of the year included a Big Sister Party for which each girl who had been a Girl Reserve the previous year, took a new member to the party and watched over her as a big sister would, to see that she was enjoying herself. There were two joint dinners with the Hi-Y boys, one given by each club. At the Mother and Daughter Dinner we had as our speaker Mrs. Cosolowsky, president of the Woman's Club of Pittsburgh. The joint Recognition Service with the Bellevue Club was something new. About one hundred and fifty girls attended, dressed in their blue and white uniforms. Other events were the Easter party, the Hallowe'en party and the Hayseed dance. This year to promote international good-will we, like other Girl Reserve clubs, undertook the Mexican project.

R. A. D., '29.

Sewihi Comets

Something new in the way of a commercial club was tried this year by the suggestion and under the supervision of Miss Thomas. We did not organize until the latter part of January but such fine cooperation and spirit was shown on the part of the members that much of interest was accomplished.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President - - - - -	MARYGRAY ANDERSON
Vice President - - - - -	FRANK CZILLINGER
Secretary - - - - - -	LOUISE BENTZ
Assistant Secretary - - - - -	ETHEL VINALL

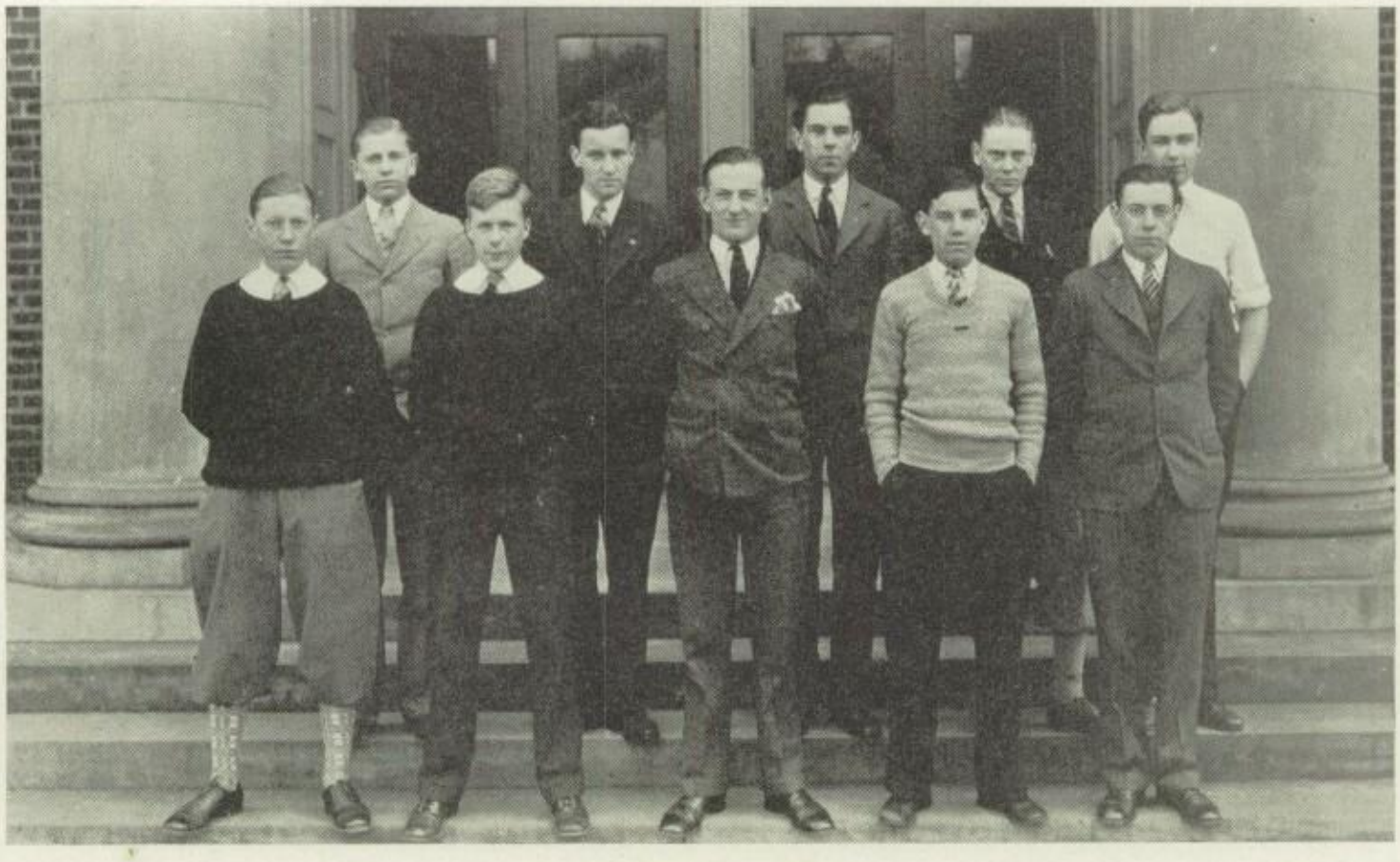
They took office immediately, the name "Sewihi Comets" was decided upon, various committees were appointed, and the club soon was in full swing.

The meetings were called to order by the president, the minutes were read, business affairs were discussed and our program followed. All meetings were businesslike, and the program features dealt with the business world.

At different meetings, Comptometer and Dictaphone machines were brought to the school and demonstrations were given. We were also fortunate in obtaining Mr. George L. Hossfield, the World's Champion Typist, who through his demonstration produced a great interest among the whole school. A very pleasant trip to the Telephone Exchange Building in Pittsburgh added much to our general information. Our programs were always interesting as well as instructive.

As a very pleasant ending to the first year of a successful club the Junior Comets entertained the Senior Comets and their friends with an afternoon dance in the gymnasium.

E. L. B., '29.



The Stage Guild

Our Stage Guild, of which little is heard but much is expected, has completed its third successful year. Under the direction of Mr. Lowell Nicols they have successfully conducted the staging of all school productions during that time.

You may find them anywhere, anytime, and forever on the job. If you see lights in the school at an hour when there is no school, it must be the "Stage Guild"; if a fellow comes to borrow a rug or a sofa, a bookcase or andirons, he must be a member of the Stage Guild. If you see fellows hanging to a strange truck that is just crammed full of the queerest things,—anything from yellow Spanish awnings to gold-plated paper knives,—from artificial flowers to kitchen utensils, one just knows it's the "Stage Guild."

The squad, which consists of Herman Beck, John Carson, George Clay, Weston Clay, John McCann, Bernard Meyer, Paul Meyer, Frank Nicholas and Donald Slem, is divided into various groups which take care of the curtain, the switch-board, the spotlight, the fly-gallery and the stage itself.

From the time the asbestos is raised to the last curtain, the "Stage Guild" is alert and on the job; and after the last person has left the auditorium, the "Stage Guild" remains to take care of properties, cast the set and clean up.

In this year's plays the kitchen scene in "Thursday Evening," the flower shop for "The Florist Shop," the original exterior used for "Penrod," properties, special scenes and lighting effects—all were the products of their ingenuity. When stage help is needed for Chapel programs, the teachers always call upon the members of the school's most dependable institution.

They have made themselves a reputation which future groups must work hard to beat.

P. M., Jr., '28.

The Clean-up Campaign

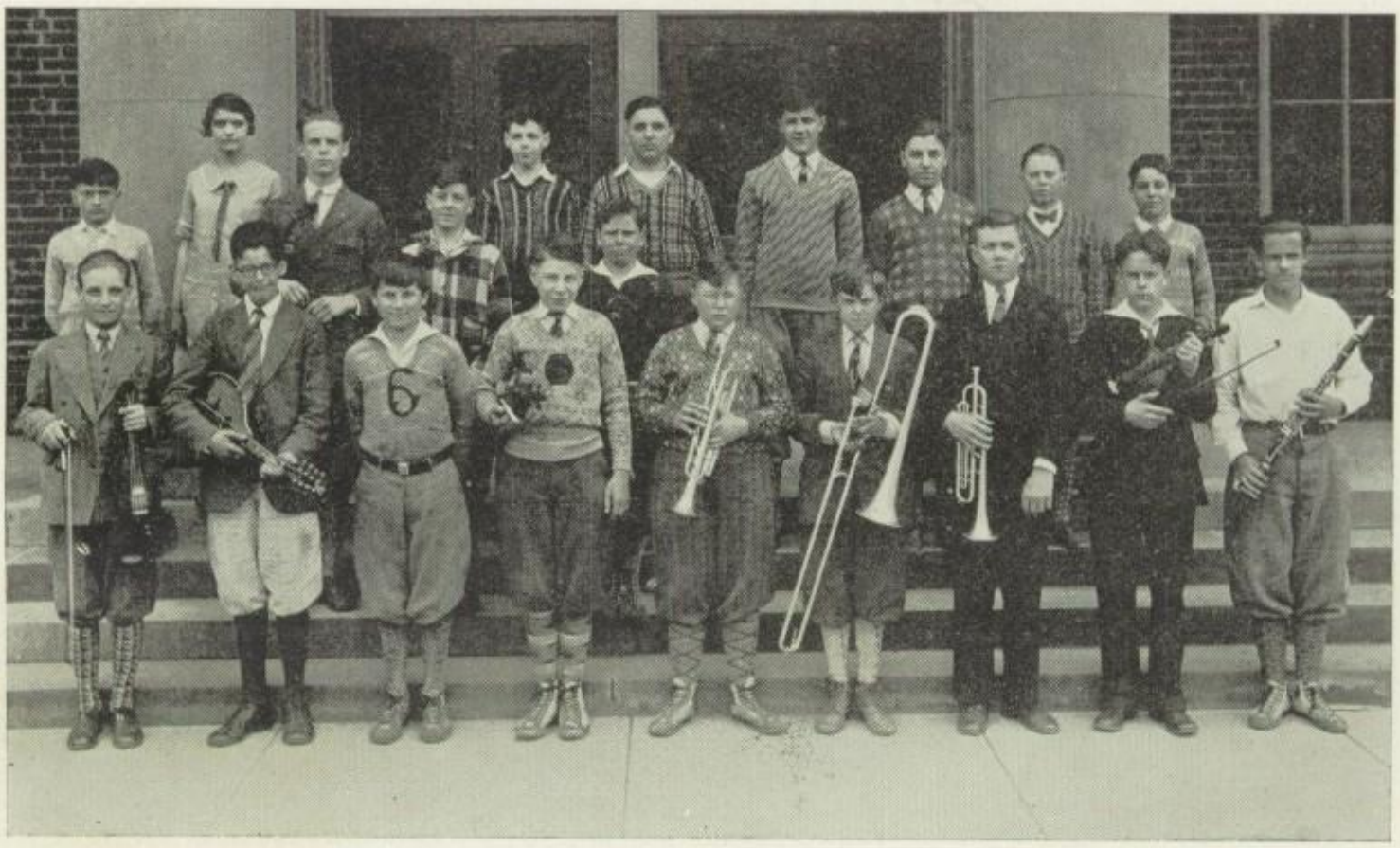
On Wednesday morning, March 28, 1928 at eleven o'clock, a mass meeting was held in the High School auditorium at which time both Junior and Senior High School were told of the history of the Clean Up campaign and the results achieved in other communities. Mr. Frank C. Hegner had charge of the meeting and explained the entire campaign as to rules, regulations, award of points, etc. Mr. Hood also gave an interesting and peppy talk in connection with the cooperation needed to make the campaign a success.

The Junior and Senior Student Councils of the High School endorsed the movement and a member of each council was given charge of the work in each room of the school. There were two cups offered. One for the highest number of points in the school and the other for the school having the highest number of points. The schools included in the campaign were Leetsdale, Edgeworth, Glen Osborne, Haysville, Glenfield and Sewickley, each school building counting as a unit.

The campaign started off Monday morning, April 2, with much enthusiasm. At this time the students of the Sewickley Schools took part in a parade, with the borough fire trucks in line. The Clean Up Proclamation was read from the steps of the First National Bank, and a moving picture, "In Humanity's Service" was shown in the High School auditorium, Monday afternoon.

Competition for the inter-class cup as well as for the inter-school cup was very keen. The work was done by the different groups, under their own council member. The Eighth Grade won the inter-class cup in the High School, the Sixth Grade won the inter-class cup in the Grade Building, while Leetsdale High School won the inter-school cup.

J. S. D., Jr.



The Junior High Orchestra

Ping! Ping! Wha! Toot!

The Junior High Orchestra is tuning up for chapel. A record day! All the members are out—twenty-two in number.

Tap! Tap! "One, two, three, play!" says Miss Stewart, our director. We begin a well known selection, and the assembly program is on. The number is the result of many Monday practices with an extra period every other Tuesday for the violins and one every Thursday for the wind instruments. We started with easy pieces and have gradually worked up to "Old Favorites" and "Just for Fun."

In addition to the regular providing of music for assembly, a special program was given in connection with the Manual Training-Domestic Science Art-Music Exhibition on June 7.

The orchestra instruments and members are:

Violins, Ronald Scott, La Verne Shaffer, Harold Nash, Edward Willoughby, Timothy Merrill, Jack Haley, James Fullman, David Walkingshaw; mandolin, David McConnell; horn, Clement Molinaro, Joseph Gariti; clarinet, Alfred Flora, William Mauro, Samuel Lanzarotta; drum, Leslie Wilson; trombone, Richard Morrow, Anthony Bova; cornet, John Wallace, Robert Wright; pianists, Helen Sheats, Gordon Ponting.

The members of the orchestra feel that in no way can they repay Miss Stewart for the patience and kindly interest with which she has trained them in the gaining of confidence in playing.

J. F. and J. H.

Chapels and Literaries

Chapels and Literaries this year have been of so much interest to everyone that we were glad when the chapel hour on Thursday afternoon arrived. After devotions which were always led by a Senior, we eagerly awaited the program planned and directed by Miss Rush.

Among the most interesting numbers were the plays, "Mistletoe and Hollyberry," "The Family Album" and "Proposals, Yesterday and Today." "The Olympic Council," the pantomine "The Lamp Went Out," and the etiquette program. These should certainly be well remembered since they evoked many laughs.

During the year, there were four Junior debates coached by Miss Rush which proved enlightening on such subjects as capital punishment, St. Lawrence Canal, and a Department of Education. The debaters who participated this year in chapel will try out for the Interscholastic Debating team next year. We wish them luck.

Outside speakers were not lacking; one month we had three in succession. two from the University of Pittsburgh, and one from the Pittsburgh School of Accountancy, until we feared Miss Rush had gone on a strike. However, we welcomed them and the boys were especially interested in the talk on engineering given by Dr. Halleck of the University. Another speaker, Dr. Gordon from Australia, spoke about his country, and the incidents that he related in his deep commanding voice, held us all in close attention.

Our orchestra under the direction of Mrs. Egolf delighted us on certain days by giving some splendid presentations of numbers among which were selections from "My Maryland," Paramount Overture, Operatic Strains, Highland Laddies, Hungarian Dance, and the Black Rose Overture.

With memory stirred by this brief review we cannot fail to recall some pleasant programs and the fun and thrill we had when we took part in them.

L. L. J., '28.

The Circles

A new plan was tried this year, by which the meetings of the language circles took place at longer intervals, instead of once a month as in previous years. This was done with the intention of permitting the full number of those who study the various languages to be present, a thing which has never been possible before because of the necessity of attending other activities. The purpose of the three circles is to get away from the regular, more formal class work and provide a means of entering into the romance and diversions of the languages and customs of the people speaking them.

Latin Circle

The Latin Circle, under Mrs. Peterson's guidance, proved a great success both in the way of entertainment and instruction. The representation of a Roman Christening, given by youthful actors in Roman togas, helped us to visualize the days of old Rome and transformed Latin into a living, conversational language. At the second semester meeting, we had the use of slides depicting scenes of Rome at Caesar's time and contrasting these with modern views of this same city.

Le Cercle Francais

Miss Koehler, who directed Le Cercle Francais, provided programs which were intensely lively and interesting. Christmas was celebrated by having a party with a large "Arbre de Noel" and gifts in true French manner. At the next meeting, we enjoyed a movie showing views of Alsace and other provinces mentioned in the books being read by the second and third year classes. At another time, "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," the old story of "Little Red Riding Hood," was enthusiastically enacted and spoken in French.

El Circulo Espanol

Under Miss Hubell's leadership, El Circulo Espanol, in spite of the limited number of meetings, had one of the finest years in its career. The first meeting was in the form of a Christmas party, at which it was endeavored to follow as nearly as possible the old Spanish customs of that season. There was a great red box, out of which were drawn various gifts suitable for the club members, as the Spaniards do with their "pinata." As a special surprise, Miss Jenny Reed, who is teaching in Montevideo, Uruguay, was present and described her work among the Spanish speaking people of South America. At the second meeting of the Spanish Circle there were a picture naming contest and instructive word puzzles to be worked out, all in the language being studied.

Most thrilling of all was the bull fight—or, rather, movie of a bull fight! Shown at the final gathering of the Spanish Circle, these pictures called forth especial interest in connection with the stories of daring matadors which the class had been reading.

To close the year, the three clubs plan a party at which there will be dancing and other entertainment, so that all may participate in this joint Language Section demonstration.

J. H., '28.

AUTOGRAPHS

FRANKLIN
DRAMA

Penrod

By Booth Tarkington

Mr. McLuckie's efforts were once more crowned with success with his production of "Penrod," Thursday and Friday evenings, March 29 and 30. The stage setting was unusually striking, picturing an outdoor view of the Schofield home and lawn. The house was quite picturesque and the lattice work and rambler roses were particularly attractive. Mr. Lowell Nicol's stage guild deserve all due credit. The cast was well chosen and each part was exceptionally well portrayed. It was a play worth seeing, as both young and old could heartily enjoy it! The music, directed by Mrs. Egolf, was good, as it always is.

The subject matter deals with a small boy, Penrod Schofield (whose young mind is rather filled with detective stories and the pursuit of crooks), who overhears his father jokingly characterize one of his sister's admirers as a horse thief. This furnished our small detective with a clue, and he determines to track down the culprit. He confides his plan to "the gang," and with little or no persuasion, they offer themselves as aid and from a detective agency. A pageant rather interferes with Penrod's happiness and sense of what is due him, but he manages to overcome this difficulty.

While experimenting with a revolver, one evening, Penrod scares away a robber who was attempting to rob their house, but, conscience stricken, he believes that he has killed some one. The same evening, members of the detective agency succeed in chasing the proclaimed thief out where he is caught.

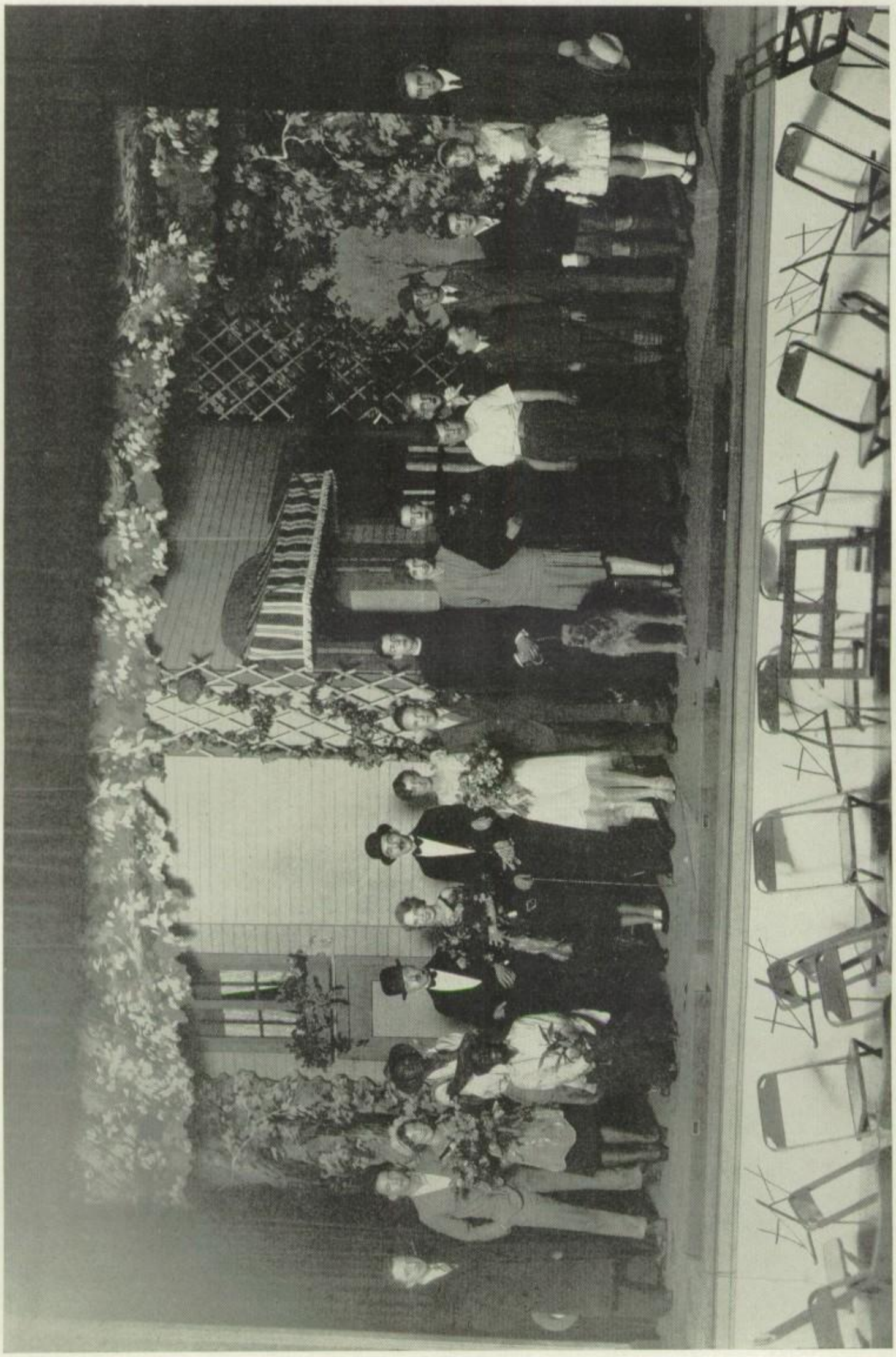
After a protracted investigation of the affair by Mr. Schofield, and a gallant display of gang loyalty, the truth appears. Penrod is awarded a medal for his accomplishment by the chief of police himself, and, at the same time, wins the heart of pretty little Marjorie Jones, his secret love. Penrod's sister is saved from the clutches of the villain and is thrown into the arms of her rightful and deserving lover.

The fun-making element of the play was exceedingly popular as the audience was convulsed all the time Herman and Verman, the colored boys, were on the stage. Jarge, the cook's faithful attendant, was another humorous character. Sam Williams, Penrod's chum never failed to touch the audience's sense of humor.

Mr. and Mrs. Schofield with their family quarrels and trials were highly amusing, also Della, the cook, and her Irish brogue was delightful! Herbert Hamilton Dade, the villain, under a chivalrous exterior, was very vicious and wicked, and everyone was relieved when Margaret Schofield was rescued and returned to her true love, a fine chap, Robert Williams.

CAST

Penrod	Anthony Henrici
Della, the cook	Jane Connelly
Mrs. Schofield	Marygray Anderson
Mr. Schofield	George Clay
Jarge	William Fader
Robert Williams	Lloyd Smith
Sam Williams	John Wallace
Mr. Jones	Robert Blackwell
Marjorie Jones	Marion Lindberg
Margaret Schofield	Winifred White
Herbert Hamilton Dade	Paul Meyer
Rev. Lester Kinosling	Charles McConnell
Mrs. Bassett	Catherine Nicholas
Georgie Bassett	Roy Clark
Herman	John Carson
Verman	Bradley McCormick John McElwain
Mr. Coombs, chief of police	Weston Clay
Tim, Irish too	William Hallam



Mid-Year Plays

On Friday evening, December 16, 1927, the annual high school mid-year plays were presented in the high school and, undoubtedly, surpassed any previous presentation.

The efforts of the coach, Mr. McLuckie, the stage director, Mr. Nicols, and the orchestra leader, Mrs. Egolf, were once more crowned with success. Three one-act plays were presented this time—"The Florist Shop," "Reverie," and "Thursday Evening."

"The Florist Shop"

"The Florist Shop" is the story of a romantic bookkeeper, in a florist shop, who brought a long pending engagement to a happy conclusion. She accomplished this feat by sending flowers at regular intervals, to the prospective bride which succeeded in arousing the prospective groom's jealousy, and thus the long engagement blossoms into matrimony.

Each part was well portrayed but James Dillon should be particularly congratulated on the quick acquirement of the Jewish accent.

Characters:

Maude, bookkeeper	Ethel Vinall
Henry, errand boy	John McElwain
Slovsky, proprietor	James Dillon
Mr. Jackson, groom	Harry Dolde
Miss Wells, spinster	Charlotte Merz

Time—April morning.
Place—Slovsky's Flower Shop.

Mid-Year Plays

" Reverie "

"Reverie" was a Christmas play and through the true Christmas spirit, and a small boy's innocence, a hardened old grandfather is reconciled to his two sons. The stage effect was lovely and the dancing was a particular attraction in this play.

Max Feltwell as the grandfather and Anthony Henrici as the grandson were exceptionally good. Gladys Ellerton's gentle defiance of the cross-grained husband was a marked success.

Characters:

Ex-Governor Harkness	Max Feltwell
Grandmother Harkness	Gladys Ellerton
Butler	Robert Blackwell
Boy	Anthony Henrici
Dancers	Glenn Shaffer, Winifred White

Time—Christmas, 1927.
Place—Ex-Governor's Home.

" Thursday Evening "

"Thursday Evening" is a mirthful tragedy of a pair of newly-weds whose complete happiness was marred by maternal mother-in-law interference. The young bride was rather inclined to be extravagant and the young groom—very thrifty, which was the source of the trouble. The motherly instinct prevailed, and through it peace was restored.

Characters:

Gordon Johns, husband	John Dods
Laura Johns, wife	Marygray Anderson
Mother-in-law Sheffield	Jean Mould
Mother-in-law Johns	Llda Jones

Time—After Supper.
Place—The Johns' Kitchen.

All in all, they were a great success and a credit to Sewickley High School.

P. W.

NAOMI
HUNTER
ATHLETICS

The 1927 Football Team

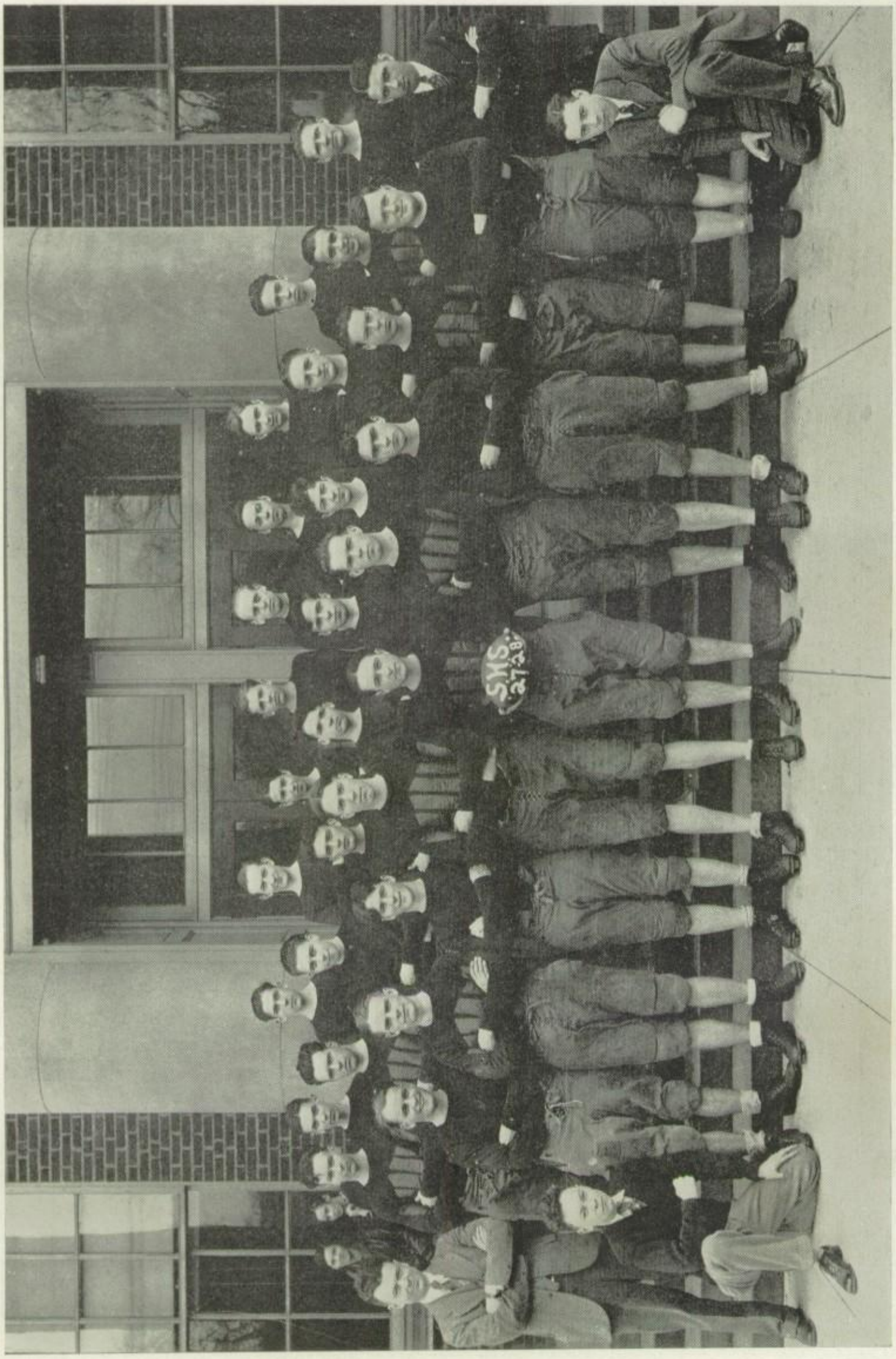
Football seems to be fatal to Sewickley High. For three consecutive years, defeats have been overwhelming. Is it that we lack the fighting spirit which other schools have in abundance? None of the usually assigned reasons for failure seem to fit. Three separate teams could not all be marked by poor quality. Lack of experience may be a factor, but surely this is no more true of Sewickley than of other schools. Our class standing proves our intelligence. We have shown that we can succeed by our come-back in basketball and baseball. To say that the coaching is responsible is useless. The record has been made under different coaches. Our present coach has consistently turned out winning teams in other schools. Every player on the team knows that the directed plays will work if each one carries out his assignment. Finally it cannot be because of any single player; to prevent such condition, various players were tried out for each position. The combinations which presented the plays to the best advantage were invariably the ones who played in the games. And yet for three years the summary is—defeats, ties, and one lone victory. Shall such a record against the Red and Blue be continued?

But one possible cause remains—a power which is instilled into the freshmen; is passed on from class to class and is carried on through graduation; an influence which, created in the atmosphere of the school, is promoted by the faculty, is carried on and built up by the students and affects every member of the school—the only force which can make or break a team, School Spirit. What is School Spirit? It is the attitude taken by the students toward the activities of the school, toward the faculty and, in athletics, toward the individual teams. In Sewickley, the attitude seems to be negative. There is a feeling of indifference which must be fatal to any team. It is noticeable that the times during the season when the team showed some real fight and proved that it knew some real football, came at the beginning of the season and after pep meetings. Such indication shows that the enthusiasm of the school is reflected by her representatives on the field.

The contests with Beaver, Dormont, and Coraopolis were most successful from the standpoint of good football. The local team was up against a heavier and more powerful team in the Sewickley-Beaver struggle, but we showed fight throughout. In the game with Dormont, Sewickley scored her first really earned touchdown of the season. By sheer grit and through the cooperation of every member on the team, Graham Myers carried the ball over the last line.

As for the Cory game, it was the same story—tie score, 0-0. It seems that Cory just cannot beat Sewickley. The school and town were behind the team in the game and showed it. Each player started with the do-or-die spirit which characterizes every Cory-Sewickley struggle At the close of the first half the ball was in our possession on Cory's 10 yard line, and everyone was set for a touchdown. In the second half, Cory almost completed a forward pass over the goal line, but the ball was knocked out of the receiver's hands, and Sewickley recovered it.

The close of the season was marked by two dinners which were greatly appreciated especially as they indicate a real interest taken in the school by outside organizations. The Coraopolis Elks gave a banquet some days after the final game when good feeling between the schools was renewed to extend to next year's time of conflict. This was followed by another when the team and coaches were the guests of the Sewickley Kiwanis Club at dinner in the Elmhurst Inn.


SHS
'27-28

Center—Captain Johns

Kenny is a peach of a center. His fight carried the team through many a tight place. In spite of rather serious injuries received during the season, he led the team in almost all the games. Martin carried on in his absence and filled the bill quite acceptably.

Guards

Kuipers and Devine are names that will be remembered in the annals of S. H. S. guards. Very few plays got through the center of the line, and opposing players tried no tricks a second time with these two. Brennan substituted as guard and showed his Irish at all times. Light weight is his chief handicap.

Tackles

"Red" Boyd and his one hundred and seventy pounds filled the big hole betwen guard and end at one side of the line; Minick and Fader split the time on the other. Lack of experience was the chief trouble of these playrs although each gave his best at all times.

Ends

Brand and Clay, two of the tallest in the class of '28, made imposing figures at end. Brand's big foot often sent the ball fifty yards down the field. Duetz is the only player who played every minute of every game. He was a star in breaking up end runs.

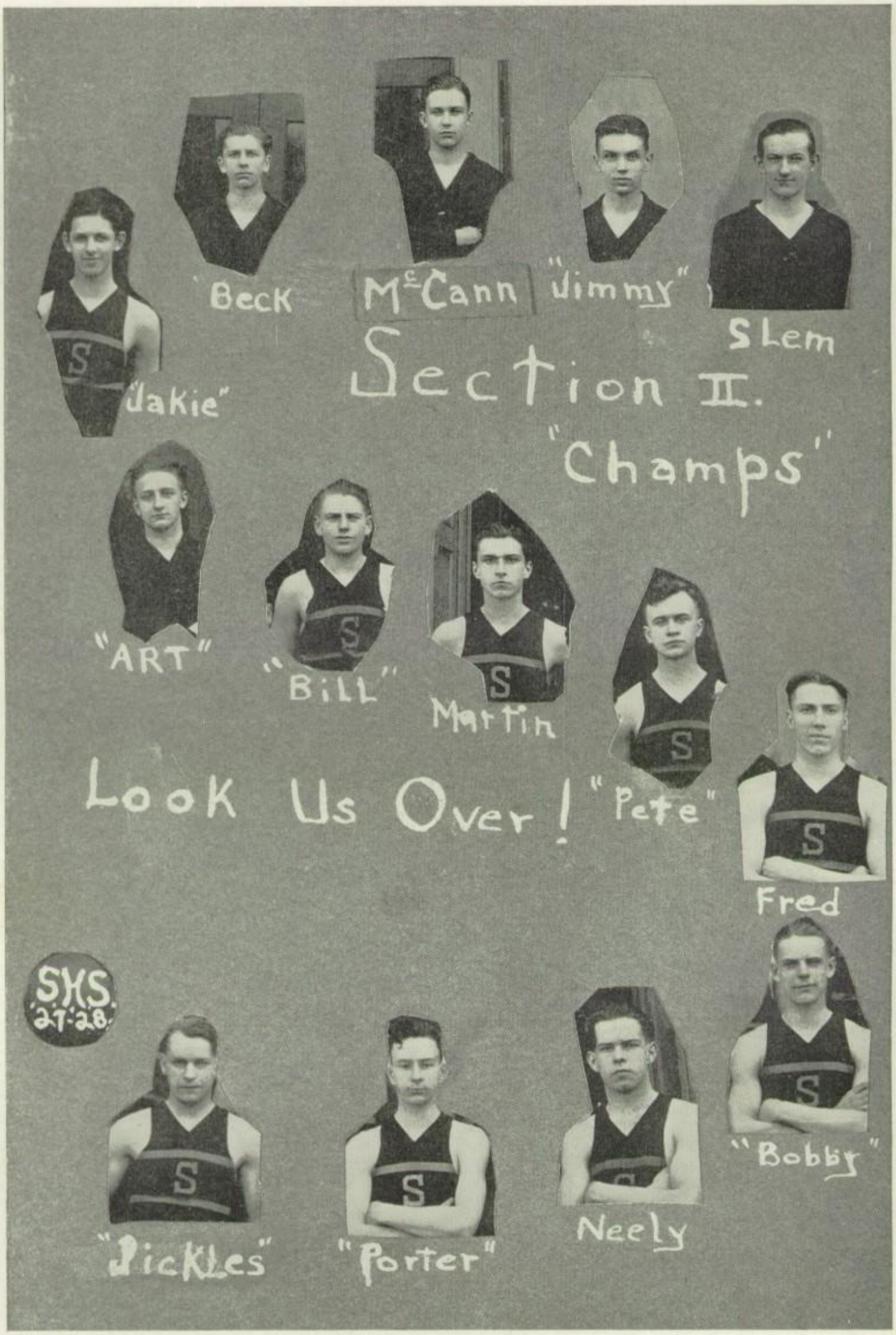
Backs

Porter, Hamilton, Cook, Czillinger, Myers, and McCracken were the ball carriers of the '27 team. Porter starred in open field running; Hamilton in speed; Cook, at end runs; Czillinger at receiving passes; Myers, on the off-tackle play; and McCracken in line plunging. Next year's team will have lost only two of these players, Myers and Cook. We wish a good and successful season to the others.

We wish here to express our appreciation and thanks to our coach, Mr. Gray, his assistant, Mr. Thome, to the second team, Lauf, Beck, McPherson, Moir, F. Czillinger, Gray, McCann, Jones, McClester, and to Arthur McDonald, post-graduate, constant in his attendance at the field. We wish to recognize care, helpfulness and unselfish efforts of coaches and second team.

THE RECORD OF 1927

September 30	Sewickley	6	Crafton	6
October 7	Ambridge	6	Sewickley	0
October 14	Sewickley	0	Ben Avon	13
October 21	Bellevue	6	Sewickley	0
October 28	Sewickley	6	Beaver	15
November 4	Avalon	21	Sewickley	0
November 10	Dormont	32	Sewickley	6
November 18	Sewickley	0	Coraopolis	0


Beck
McCann
"Jimmy"
Slem
"Jakie"
Section II.
"Champs"
"ART"
"Bill"
Martin
Look Us Over!
"Pete"
Fred
SHS
27-28
"Bobby"
"Pickles"
"Porter"
Neely

The Boys' Basket Ball Season

Time after time our gym was packed to the bulging point. Cheers echoed throughout the building. Even the lights were extinguished by the continuous roars. Sewickley was seized by such excitement as only the unusual can arouse. Why? The basketball team was headed straight for the championship.

Cook, Porter, Brand, Johns and Feltwell were working like a machine. In the pre-season games they piled up scores which more than doubled those totalled by their opponents. From the start a successful team was predicted. The first half of the W. P. I. A. L. season passed with only a single defeat. The Avalon quintet threw cold water on the hopes of the Sewickley fans. It didn't seem to faze the team, however. Coach Gray attributed the defeat to psychology. Whatever the cause, it was one mark on the otherwise clean slate of victory.

Fred Brand at center was getting surer of his tips; he seldom failed. Captain Cook and Jimmy Porter, the forwards, were becoming more certain of their shots. They had developed a team-work which was the chief attack of the squad. Speed and fight were Johns's best traits. Many confident players left the floor with high respects for this fiery guard. Feltwell was one of our coolest players. His ability to break up shots and dribbles helped much in each victory of the team. He saved many a game by his cool playing and encouraging distraction of opposing plays.

The second half of the schedule was a repetition of the first. This half the team had more confidence and no team lasted long before their attack. Each game brought the championship nearer Sewickley. After defeating Bellevue, the runner-up, in this section, the championship of Section II was Sewickley's for keeps.

However, several changes had been made in the team. After the victories of the first half of the schedule, our coach sought higher scores and also wished to give experience to next year's players. The former guards were replaced by Neely and Hamilton. Bertyl is a six-foter, and Bobby is one of the speediest floormen in the school. The new combination worked smoothly, as long as the opposition was not too stiff. Higher scores were totalled, and the enthusiasm of the school surpassed all bounds.

Elimination games were played in the Pitt Stadium. Monessen was scheduled to play Sewickley. Win or lose, the team had made their mark, and the school was willing to back them to the last.

From the first whistle, however, the Monessen five took the lead and held it throughout the game. Our boys were decidedly "off." The ball simply wouldn't go in the basket. On the other hand our opponents seemed to have no trouble at all. As Mr. Conway said, "It was too bad we couldn't have won; but our boys deserve lots of credit. Let's give them a cheer."

Let's not forget the second team. They won all but one of their games. Weber, Wilhelmy, Boyd, Martin, Myers, Beck, Minick, McCann and Slem were the loyal supporters.

Note that on the schedule for the year the first seven games were pre-season. A total of twenty victories out of twenty-two is a record for S. H. S. Who will beat it?

S
S
S

Sewickley Schedule

1.	Sewickley	45	Woodlawn	38	Away	(This year Section 4 Champs)
2.	Sewickley	26	Ellwood City	12	Away	
3.	Sewickley	25	Ambridge	18	Away	(Runner-up in Section 4)
4.	Sewickley	37	Beaver	6	Away	
5.	Sewickley	28	Duquesne Prep	10		
6.	Sewickley	38	Alumni	13	Home	
7.	Sewickley	25	Coraopolis	14	Home	(Runner-up in Section 9)
8.	Sewickley	24	Edgewood	17	Away	(Last year Sectional Champs)
9.	Sewickley	24	Aspinwall	20	Home	
10.	Sewickley	26	Swissvale	20	Away	
11.	Sewickley	46	Wilkinsburg	22	Home	
12.	Sewickley	23	Avalon	26	Away	
13.	Sewickley	24	Bellevue	18	Home	(Last year Sectional Champs)
14.	Sewickley	33	Ben Avon	13	Away	
15.	Sewickley	27	Edgewood	20	Home	
16.	Sewickley	34	Aspinwall	30	Away	
17.	Sewickley	29	Swissvale	20	Home	
18.	Sewickley	38	Wilkinsburg	30	Away	
19.	Sewickley	21	Avalon	16	Home	
20.	Sewickley	32	Bellevue	18	Away	
21.	Sewickley	24	Ben Avon	16	Home	
22.	Sewickley	33	Monessen	47	Stadium	
		654		444		

Sewickley vs. Monessen

Thronging the streets, shouting, running hand in hand, the students, drunk with victory, twenty games out of twenty-one having been won, moved out of the way for no one; no auto could pass until they had gone,—shouting, cheering their own team, defying Monessen, the game to be played the next night! But before the next night, the next day—lessons poorly prepared, discipline absent, electric semi-suppressed excitement, prisoners awaiting release. That evening, mobbed in the station, they were able to move mountains. And the ride to Pittsburgh—the shouts, yells, songs, the bass drum, the trumpets! They were mad with excitement, positive of victory, their voices drowned the noise of the train rushing on.

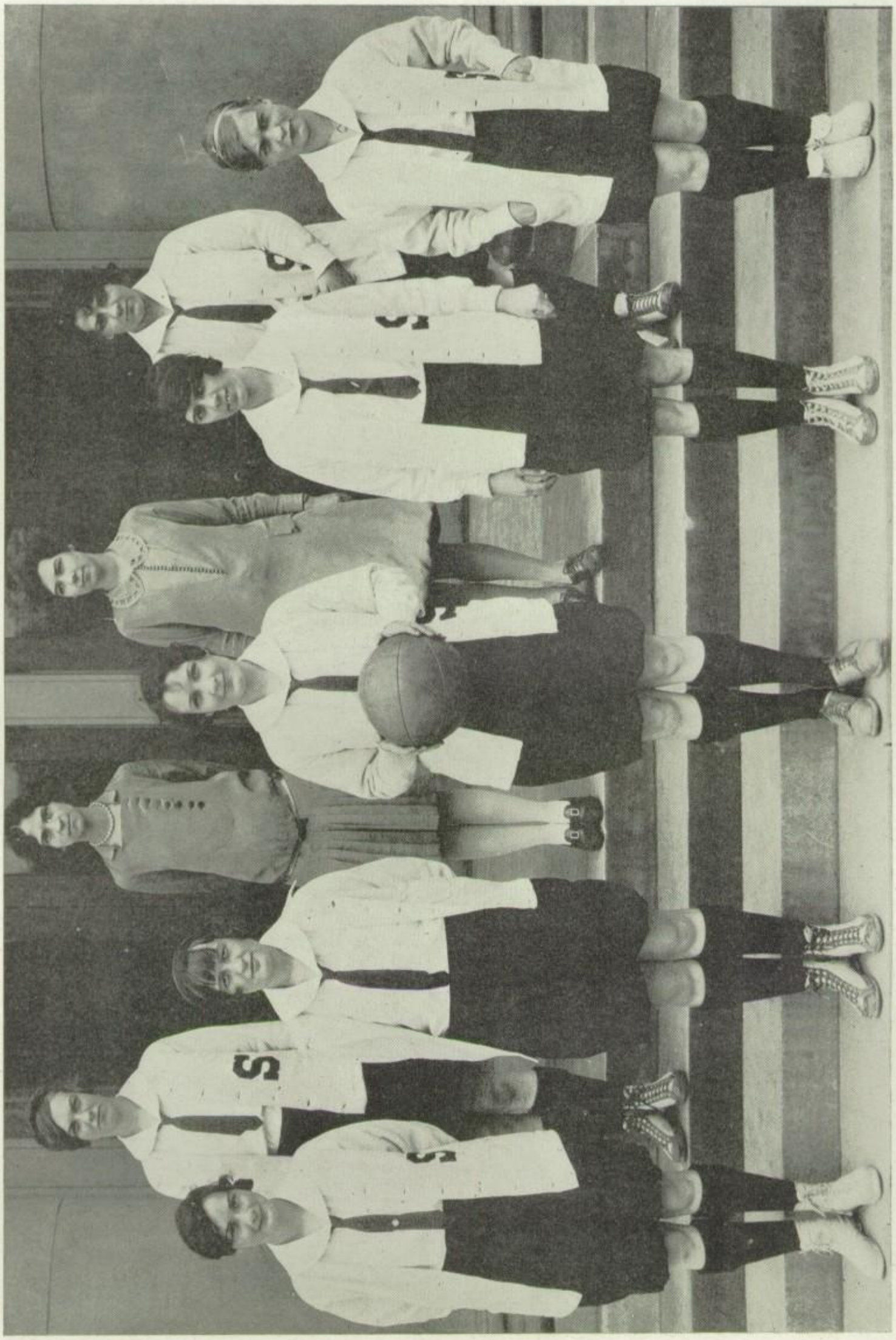
* * * * *

On the return, their throats worn from yelling, and the lips of the trumpeters sore, they said little about the game. "Well, anyhow, the boys did well."

"Oh, I guess so. . . ." Out of twenty-two games twenty were won.

The next day, the shouting over, they went back to work. No more basketball till next year!

ANTHONY HENRICI.



The Girls' Basket Ball Team

Another sport's year has passed for the Sewickley girls' basketball team which, if not as successful as we hoped, was very interesting and satisfactory in that when the team had the bad luck of losing a game they gave their opponents a fight for their money.

The most spectacular games of the season were the Leetsdale, Bellevue and Corapolis games. Perhaps the most interesting was in Leetsdale when Sewickley played "nip and tuck" with the champs, till in the last few minutes Leetsdale slipped in a few unexpected baskets, ending the game with the score of 28-20.

The Bellevue first half ended with Bellevue leading by ten points but in the second half Sewickley proved its spirit of fight; Bellevue made only one basket and two fouls.

To those who know basketball, the Cory game illustrated real team work the girls had, for if signals ever worked, they did that day. The ball left center for the forward section for a sure basket time after time. The record of the game displayed the score of 33-13.

Captain Mould is one of our two star forwards. It was a joy to see Jean drop in those under-the-basket shots. Perhaps you who have seen her play know how Jean excelled in receiving the ball at the line and passing it to the other forward, retreating with speed back under the basket to retrieve the ball. Jean, a letter girl for four years, was a most capable and valuable captain.

Our other star forward is Rosalia Hammer. Having played on the team for two years she has yet another year for which S. H. S. can be duly glad. An incident we can't forget is Rosalia's foul-shooting in the Bellevue game in which she made nine out of ten fouls. Know any better?

"Who is that guard you can't get away from?" is a question often asked by a spectator. Well, that is Helen Minick. Helen has played for two years also, and can play center and guard but is best known as a guard. Next year's team will miss Helen's good playing and her funny quips.

We have another good guard noted for her playing and that's Llda Jones. Llda, better known as "Lida" played this season on first and last year, in other words she was a surprise package. "Copy," finding she had a promising new guard, quickly developed her into one of the best players.

Our center, Virginia Richardson, is new at this game. "Ginnie" will support the team another year, being only a Junior. She can see something funny in most everything which is a most helpful feature in helping a team along.

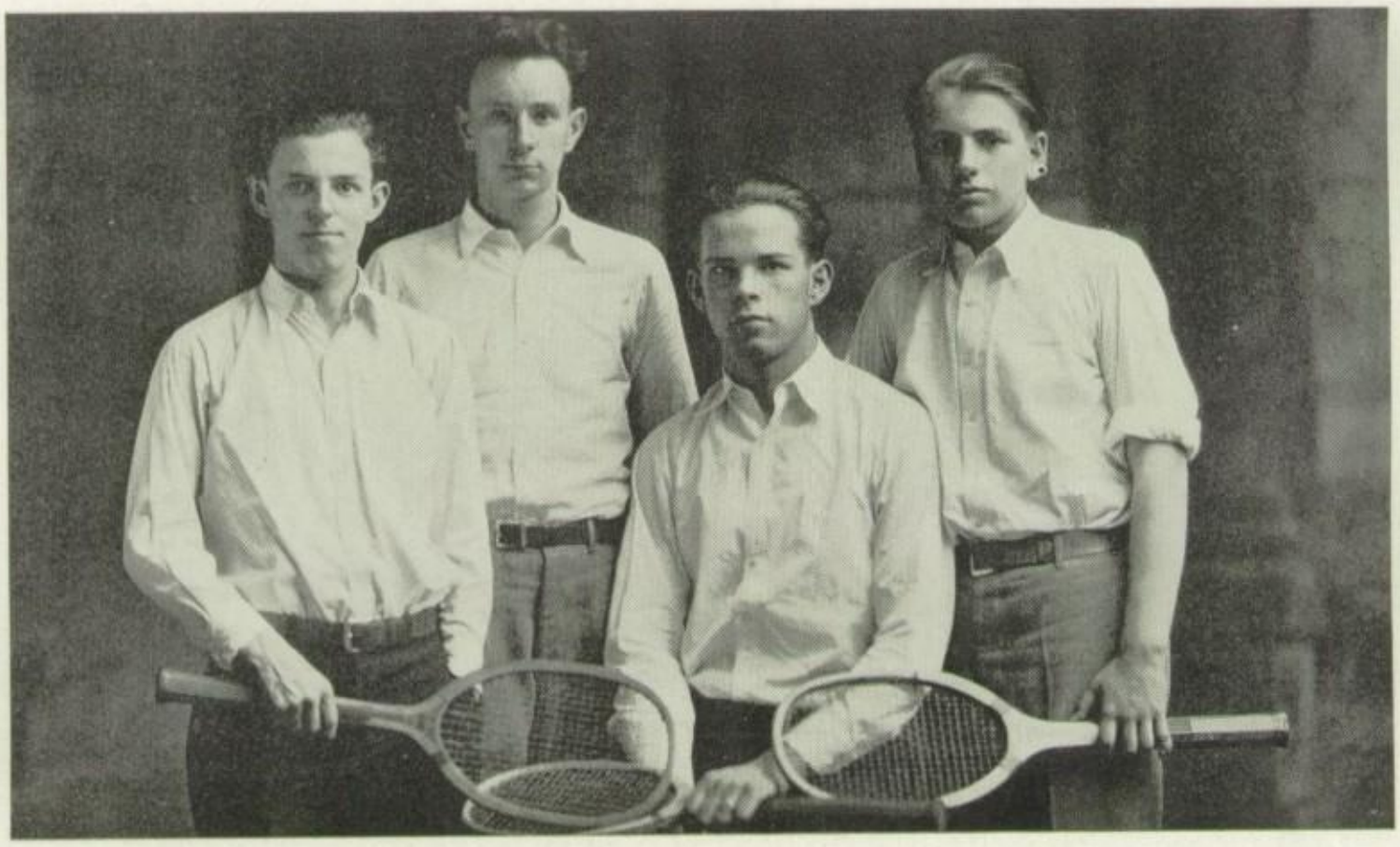
The side center this year is an athlete with plenty of pep and a keen eye; and such fight as this little one has. Having been on the squad for three years, Ann knows from experience the right plays and the intricate trick of real basketball. The team will surely miss Ann's valuable playing and spirit next year.

Ethel Vinall is another who played guard this year. She will be here another year to show what she can do and we know she will.

We mustn't forget our substitutes to whom much honor is due. They are: Nancy Jean Myers, Julia Donald, Garnet Douglas, Louise Foht and Betty Terry.

Our coach, Miss Copeland, has made this year's team a success through her hard training, good plays and her spirit. Between the halfs, it was she who put pep and spirit into the team and if we lost our "Copy" who was always there to tell us it was a fine game even if we did lose.

The manager, Elizabeth Cannon, has been a very important worker and deserves her letter as much as the team. We couldn't have done without her and the little things she did for our comfort.



The Boys' Tennis Team

The tennis team is becoming a permanent institution at Sewickley. In this we are following the leadership of many schools who have supported their teams for years. It is a game popular with both boys and girls, and from present indications, mixed teams will soon be among the school activities. This development will go far in the advancement of the sport in scholastic circles. But it is up to the students themselves to make a move of this sort, and Sewickley High should have the honor of starting such a team.

THE 1928 TEAM

Bertyl Neely is the tallest man of this year's team.

Percy Littlecott is the smallest, but in size only, not ability.

Bill Boyd, though known as "Lard" gets around the court quite fast, his opponents say.

Jim Porter's serve is usually a stumbling block to those who try to place their return, and his overhand drive is a big help to the team.

TENNIS SCHEDULE

Where Played		Team
Sewickley		Ben Avon
Dormont	default to	Sewickley

The Girls' Tennis Team

Tennis is practically a new institution in S. H. S. as this is only the second year of inter-school contests of that favorite sport. The strong interest felt was evidenced when twenty-four girls came out for tennis. Of course only about six girls can really make the squad but all have reaped a benefit for their individual pleasure this summer by this practice and teaching. Such interest and the spirit of competition so roused, promised the high school good material for next year.

Although our games were few and much disturbed by rain and defeats were the rule, yet the showing made encourages further attention.

Jean Mould one of our best players has made a very good showing in all her games. At Crafton she played long and well but in the end went down in defeat. However, she won her match from her Crafton opponent here.

Llda Jones, another star player, wields a strong and capable racquet. At Crafton she lost to superior playing—at home, her ability brought to defeat that self-same opponent with the score of 6-2, 6-2.

Our third player is Jane Connelly. Unlucky in winning she always gave her opponent a run for her points, for Jane can place her balls wonderfully.

Marjorie Moorhead, our manager, is the fourth player. With a natural gift for tennis she became an outstanding player. Her experience promises success next year.

The two substitutes, Eleanore Critchlow and Ann McPherson who did not often play, faithfully helped keep score and aided in other ways.

Our coach, Miss Koehler, has worked patiently and diligently to develop easy serves into hard ones and slow returns into swift ones. To her and her assistant, Miss Wisner, the squad is indebted for the many long and strenuous hours spent in directing, suggesting and practicing.

The team of '28 wish the team of '29 "The Best of Luck."

The Track Team

Once more the lesser sports reign at Sewickley High. Our old friend Baseball is dead, supposedly forever. The majority of the schools in this section dropped baseball as an interscholastic sport, and consequently there were not enough teams within reasonable distance to offer the competition our athletes always desire.

Track after two years absence has returned to its old place in S. H. S. Color Day has kept the spirit alive here, even though the school has not been represented by a team.

Under Coach Gray's tutelage the squad of aspirants was rounded into a team of hard working athletes. But the first squad was broken up by the arrival of report cards. "F's" have ruined many teams before they were well on their way. Places were taken by more studious under-classmen or seniors.

Beaver and Midland were scheduled as our first opponents. Midland didn't show up, and Beaver alone proved too much for our untried trackmen. Clarence Martin, our best all-round trackman, had bad luck. While leading in the hundred yard dash, but a few yards from the finish he stepped in a hole and fell, throwing both himself and Bertyl Neely, the second man, out of the race. Again in the broad jump he leaped nineteen feet, but this was considered nil because of a foul of a few inches. However his ability was rewarded by victories in other meets.

The county meet at Pitt, one at Schenley Oval, and one at Allegheny High were on the schedule. One was scheduled with Arnold Prep, but due to a mistake in the time, and the distance to be traveled, our squad of fifteen fellows arrived an hour late, and too late for the meet. After this disappointment and with the announcement that there would be no letters given, the team broke up, and only the plans for an inter-class meet remained at the publication of this number of the Sewihi.

Wearers of the "S"

FOOTBALL

Kenneth Johns (Capt.)
Stanley Cook
Bertyl Neely
James McCracken
Robert Hamilton
Clarence Martin
Charles Boyd
George Kuipers (Capt. Elect)
William Fader
Graham Myers
James Porter
Edward Devine
Fred Brand
Howard Clay
Michael Brennan
Al Czillinger
Ralph McClester
Arthur Minick

John McElwain, Manager

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Stanley Cook (Capt.)
Fred Brand
Robert Hamilton
James Porter
Kenneth Johns
Max Feltwell

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Jean Mould (Capt.)
Helen Minick
Ann McPherson
Rosalia Hammer
Llda Jones
Virginia Richardson

Elizabeth Cannon, Manager

BOYS' TENNIS

William Boyd
Bertyl Neely
Percy Littlecott

GIRLS' TENNIS

Llda Jones
Jane Connelly
Jean Mould

Ann McPherson
Marjorie Moorhead

CHEERLEADER

John Dods

DRAMATICS

Ralph McClester
Gladys Ellerton
Max Feltwell
Paul Meyer
James Carson
Kathryn Nicholas
Winifred White
Peggy White
Marygray Anderson
Anthony Henrici
John Dods
John McElwain

ORACLE

Anthony Henrici
Jean Hammer
Paul Meyer, Jr.
Winifred White
John McCann
Peggy White
Ann McPherson
Max Feltwell

DEBATERS

James Carson
Fred Brand
Paul Meyer
Marygray Anderson
Llda Jones
William Fader

SEWIHI

Jean Mould
Marygray Anderson
George Kuipers
William Fader
Ann McPherson
Natalie Costello
Peggy White
Llda Jones
Franklin Hiteshew
George Clay
Robert Blackwell
George Garrett

STAGE GUILD

Weston Clay
Paul Meyer
George Clay

BAND

Robert Blackwell
John Wallace
Charles Richardson
Glenn Kautz
Alfred Flora
Bernard Meyer
William Mauro
Clement Molinaro
Roy Hegner
George Clay
Percy Littlecott
Frank Cook

ORCHESTRA

Henry Luntz
Joseph MacDonough
Donald Slem
Frank Cook
Kathryn Clark
Charles Richardson
Charles Boyd
David Klicker
William Boyd
Max Feltwell
Anthony Henrici
George MacDonald
Roy Hegner
James McCracken
Bernard Meyer
Carl Musgrave
Ross Mechlin
Percy Littlecott
Robert Blackwell
Helen Minick
George Kuipers
Glenn Kautz
Helen Cusick
George Clay

Dorothy James
Robert Barton

Awards, 1927

French II - - - - - - - - Jean Hammer
English I - - - - - - - - Kathryn Meiser
Economics - - - - - - - - Alice Hallam
U. S. History - - - - - - - - Edward Devine
Physics - - - - - - - - Max Feltwell
Biology - - - - - - - - - Ethel Vinall
Spanish I - - - - - - - - John Lutz
English II - - - - - - - - Anthony Henrici
Latin IV - - - - - - - - - Elsie Rapp
Chemistry - - - - - - - - Alice Hallam
General Science - - - - - Murray Heffernan
Algebra I - - - - - - - - Catherine Meiser
Geometry - - - - - - - - Anthony Henrici
Eighth English - - - - - Mary Thorn White
Seventh English - - - - - - Billy Jetter
Eighth Mathematics - - - - - Naomi Hunter
Seventh Mathematics - - - - - - Billy Jetter
Eighth History - - - - - - Jane Mitchell
Seventh History - - - - - Jeanne Lowery
Eighth Science - - - - - - Esther Trudel
Seventh Science - - - - - - Ruth Challis

American Legion Award:

American Legion (boy) - - - - Allan Newbury
Women's Auxiliary (girl) - - - Mary Thorn White

(1) Honor
(2) Scholarship
(3) Courage
(4) Leadership
(5) Service

Home and School

Seventh Sewing - - - - - Virginia Mather
Women's Auxiliary (girl) - - - Mary Thorn White
Seventh Cooking - - - - - - Jeanne Lowery
Eighth Cooking - - - - - - Susan Azar
Seventh Manual Training - - - - James Fullman
Eighth Manual Training - - - - - John Ford

Shakespeare Reading Club:

Commercial - - - Margaret Neale, Marjorie Neale

Mrs. W. D. Chester Prize:

Senior—(1) William Duncan
(2) Edith Mould
Junior—(1) Jean Mould
(2) James Carson
Sophomore—(1) Charlotte Merz
Freshman—(1) Kathryn Meiser
Woman's Club Book Review - - - - Lois Bradley

Junior Essay Prize, awarded by Mr. Edward A. Woods:

(1) Edwin Wisner
(2) Glenn Abercrombie
(3) Harry Dolde

JANE KUNKLE
SOCIETY

Socials

Our socials, as a whole, were "howling successes," and everyone seemed to enjoy himself. There was always good, peppy music (usually furnished by the "Ohio Staters") and several specialty numbers,—as Paul Jones's, tag dances, and our famous "broom dance." For those who didn't dance, there were always other forms of amusement which proved quite intriguing (even to our dancers). Mr. Rand's lunch room served as a refreshment counter which was another big attraction, as one can well imagine.

Our school spirit was much in evidence at these functions.

Alumni Dance

A scene fit for any Santa Claus met the eyes of the alumni when they entered the gym, Wednesday evening, December 21. A large clump of mistletoe hanging at the door of the gym first greeted them;—next, they discovered where the noise was coming from, which proved to be nothing less than the famous "Ohio Staters" Orchestra. Then, they saw the handsome Christmas tree covered with gay lights in numerous shapes and colors.

It didn't take them long to mingle with our students and before they realized it, they belonged to us again. Later in the evening, a punch bowl appeared which came as an oasis to a man lost in the desert. Need I say more?

The last dance came only too soon, and we left for home with fond memories of the Alumni Dance of '28!

Sleigh Rides

Yes—Where were our sleigh rides? Alas—the weather did not permit and they were a minus quantity!

Conference Dance

Over the week-end of March 23rd, Sewickley had as its guests, the Hi-Y Conference Boys. The high school endeavored to show its hospitality by giving a dance for them. The boys all declared, upon leaving, that they were carrying away the fondest memories of our school and its students, so we felt assured that our efforts were crowned with success.

The decorations were carried out in the high school colors and numerous spectators commented that never had the gym looked nicer. Once more the punch and the orchestra claimed honorable mention. We were never prouder of our girls as they entered the spirit of the occasion and each acted as a gracious hostess.

Junior Prom

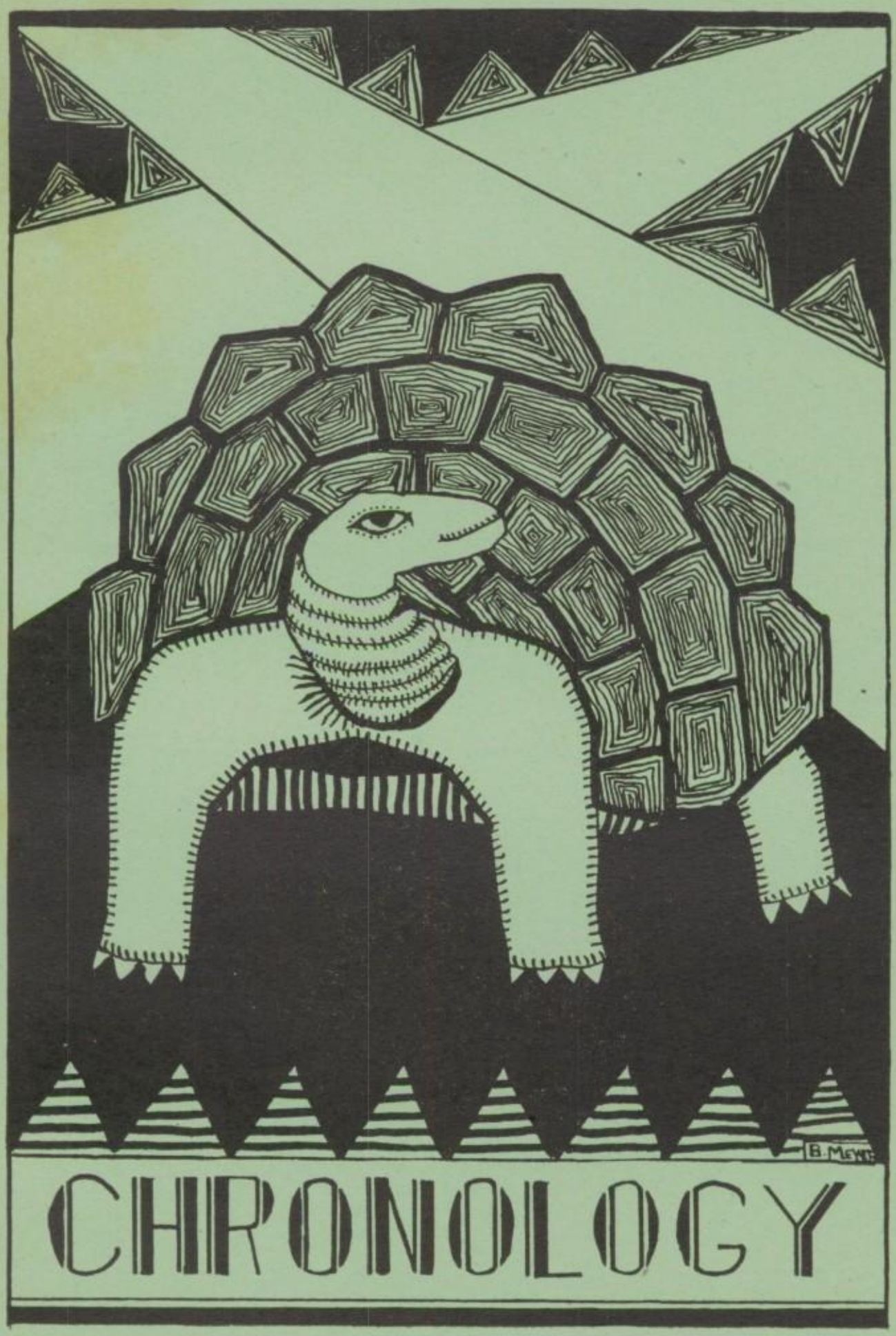
Those who missed the prom, will spend the rest of their days scolding themselves, but those who were there, will never forget it.

The Juniors certainly deserve all the credit in the world for transforming the Dorian Club into a magic dance land with an exhilarating atmosphere which immediately put us into the spirit of the affair. The lovely dresses of the girls, the gay balloons, and pretty corsages made a lovely sight, and with the inviting music (furnished by Paul Stewart's orchestra) it was perfect!

Katherine Nicholas and Glenn Shaffer won the lucky number dance. The fortunate girl received, as her prize, a handsome string of beads. William Fader and Llda Jones were the proud survivors of the prize waltz, and they received as their rewards, he—a necktie, and she—a dorine.

By far the most attractive feature of the evening's program was a toe dance, given by Winifred White and later a "Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy" dance given by Winifred White and Marjorie Moorhead.

As the last dance began (yes—and far too soon) and the orchestra swung into those familiar strains of "Home Sweet Home," a sigh went over the group as we realized that the long anticipated prom was over.


B. MEWS
CHRONOLOGY

Chronology

September 6—Back again with our friends and teachers.
September 7—S. H. S. represented at Glenfield road opening.
September 8—A sight to behold! Football boys taking exercises.
September 9—Regular routine of duties being established.
September 12—A new week and more lessons.
September 13—Burnt fingers in chemistry lab.
September 15—Mr. Conway and his numerous announcements are the main features in chapel.
September 16—Election of Senior class officers.
September 19—Junior class meeting.
September 20—Sophomore class meeting.
September 21—Football scrimmage attracts spectators.
September 27—Just another day.
September 28—Students take pleasure in watching the streets being tarred.
September 29—A pep meeting after school with lots of pep shown.
September 30—First game this season with Crafton. Tie score 6-6.
October 3—First blue Monday.
October 4—Tickets on sale for game with Ambridge.
October 6—Student Council officially installed by Mr. Hood.
October 7—Game with Ambridge 6-0, not in our favor.
October 10—Something new! A fire drill!
October 11—Did you get wet? If not, stay and see the movie on the Rubber Industry.
October 12—Columbus Day.
October 13—Interesting chapel program about Columbus.
October 14—Game with Ben Avon.
October 17—First "Soshell."
October 18—Bring ten cents and hear lecture on World War in France.
October 19—A little anxiety on part of students.
October 20—Oh, reports! New resolutions.
October 21—Game with Bellevue.
October 24—Where have our locker locks gone?
October 25—Bank weekly, not weakly.
October 26—Midyear play rehearsals begin.
October 27—Wonder of wonders! Ghosts in chapel program.
October 28—Game with Beaver.
October 29—Spooks! It's Hallowe'en.
November 1—Another fire drill!
November 2—Lochinvar rides again (in pantomime).
November 3—Exciting game with Avalon.
November 6—Lyceum course tickets for sale.
November 7—Less enthusiasm in banking.
November 8—Armistice program.
November 9—Game at Dormont.
November 14—Lots of girls out for basketball.
November 15—Woodlawn meets our second team.
November 16—Your pep! Your pep! Game with Cory ahead.
November 17—Big pep meeting.
November 18—The biggest and best football game of the year. Tie 0-0.
November 21—Student Council meeting.

November 22—Evening "Soshell" for celebration.
November 23—We are thankful for the coming vacation.
November 28—Back from Thanksgiving vacation.
November 29—Boys' basketball practice.
November 30—Another month draws to an end.
December 1—On your guard! Mr. Noyes is here.
December 2—Ha! a magician, Mr. Laurant, special feature in the Lyceum Course series.
December 5—Excitement! New Ford cars on display.
December 6—It won't be long now!
December 7—Report cards! Nuf 'ced.
December 8—Get busy everyone! Sell your Mid-Year play tickets.
December 9—Who remembers what happened on this day? I don't.
December 12—Today is washday.
December 13—Doctor's here.
December 14—Boys play a basketball game with Woodlawn.
December 15—Junior girls show debating ability.
December 16—One of our exciting days! Mid-Year plays tonight.
December 19—Ellwood lost on Friday night.
December 20—Scandal! The boys' basketball team paid a short visit to the Leetsdale jail.
December 21—Alumni Dance. Everyone out!
December 22—"Mistletoe and Hollyberries" give us pleasure.
December 23—Farewell school days till next year.
January 3—"Hello. Did you have a merry Christmas?"
January 4—Boys defeat Cory here. Big crowd.
January 5—Be careful. Locker inspection.
January 6—Girls lose to Leetsdale.
January 9—Boys winning right along. Edgewood fell.
January 10—Another victory over Aspinwall.
January 11—Debate meeting. Oh what a task lies before us.
January 12—Dr. Charles A. Meyerholtz from Pitt speaks on education.
January 13—Girls defeat Avalon.
January 16—An off day for everyone.
January 17—Boys defeat Wilkinsburg.
January 18—Our team is tied with Bellevue for first place.
January 19—Mr. Carson from Pittsburgh School of Accountancy speaks.
January 20—Woe! Avalon defeats our team.
January 23—We are now one game behind.
January 24—Great day! Such a time! We beat Bellevue. A tie again.
January 25—"Soshell" after school.
January 26—Mr. Halleck from Pitt School of Engineering gives interesting talk.
January 27—Boys' and girls' games with Ben Avon.
January 30—Busy week ahead.
January 31—Preparing for work, and how!
February 1—Exams begin.
February 2—More Exams.
February 3—Exams—How much that one word means!
February 6—New semester begins.
February 7—Boys defeat Aspinwall.
February 8—Sewickley wins two Interscholastic debates over Leetsdale.
February 9—Oh fatal day! Reports.

February 10—Sniff-sniff. Seniors are making hydrogen sulfide.
February 13—Boys are still tied for first place.
February 14—Valentine day. "Roses are red—"
February 15—Hooray! All the teachers go visiting to other schools.
February 16—Lincoln program in chapel.
February 17—Boys and girls win over Avalon.
February 20—Our team is one game in the lead.
February 21—Just another day.
February 22—Sewickley team now proud champions of Section II.
February 24—Girls beat Cory 33-12.
February 27—Boys' Glee Club practice.
February 28—Chicken served at Father and Son Banquet at "Y."
February 29—A day like this comes once every four years.
March 1—Junior girls debate.
March 2—Quiet day! Sh!!
March 5—Snake walk—lots of pep!
March 6—Game at Pitt Stadium.
March 7—Sea of long faces as we lost.
March 8—Pennsylvania Day.
March 9—Increased illness.
March 12—More loss of students.
March 13—First dancing class for the Prom.
March 14—Debate with Cory. How large the crowds!
March 15—Mrs. Egolf's sister visits and favors us with vocal selections.
March 16—Second dancing class; large attendance.
March 19—Most of the sick people have recovered.
March 20—Lyceum Course lecture.
March 21—Half holiday is the incentive for selling tickets to "Penrod."
March 22—Spring has come.
March 23—Basketball dance. Boys, boys, everywhere, Hi-Y guests.
March 26—Sewihi campaign begins.
March 27—Mr. Conway talks seriously to the Seniors about commencement and reports.
March 28—We're beginning to hear "Clean Up and Paint Up."
March 29—Penrod and his friends are most exciting.
March 30—Fame has spread. House packed!
April 2—"Clean Up and Paint Up" parade.
April 3—"Watch the birdie"—Time for Senior pictures.
April 4—Semi-final debate with Har-Brac.
April 5—First meeting of girls' tennis squad.
April 10—Back from Easter vacation. Short, but nice.
April 11—Seniors are showing their superiority by going in and out the front door.
April 12—Much progress in dancing shown.
April 13—Formal invitation from Juniors to Seniors to attend the Prom.
April 16—World's champion typist demonstrates.
April 17—Tulips, tulips, everywhere.
April 18—Mr. Irons holds large session after school.
April 19—Votes taken on wittiest, prettiest, etc., students. Who's Who?
April 20—At last—the Junior Prom!
April 23—Still talking of the marvelous prom.
April 24—Rain, rain, go away!
April 25—A very peppy Junior debate.

April 26—An uneventful day.
April 27—Interscholastic debaters are presented medals.
April 30—Junior essays due. Much haste and scrambling.
May 1—Dr. Gordon reveals Australia and America to us.
May 2—The teachers are making wooden shoes.
May 3—Dress rehearsal of "Tulip Time."
May 4—"Tulip Time" fills the house. All had a gay time.
May 7—Seniors start to take state tests.
May 8—Enjoyment continues; also reports. Seniors are worried.
May 9—Sewihi staff working hard.
May 10—Track meet at Beaver.
May 11—Girls' tennis team selected.
May 14—Last Monday of Chronology.
May 15—Girls' tennis team plays at Crafton.

My Path of Bridges

Bridges added magic lend
To a path which is my friend.
Treasure very near my heart
Is this woodland pleasure spot.

Waters trickle; flow'rets laugh;
Wooded vales surround my path;
My path winds itself among the hills,
Spans a creek at intervals.

Verdant beauty joins the blue,
Singing wild-things rainbow hued,
Birds and waters, woodland ridges,
All enhance my path of bridges.

DOROTHY JETTER, '29.

I used to love the highway
That winds around the hill,
But now the dirt road lures me,
Distant, calm, and still.

The hills, the wide spread meadows
Are what I long to see,
To watch the growth of flowers,
To hear the buzz of the bee.

With joy I watch the summer come,
And in my car I flee
Along the dear old dirt road,
Out where I long to be.

And from my lovely cottage,
No highway can you see,
For I love to watch the flowers,
And sit under a shady tree.

WILLIAM J. BOYD, '29.

HUMOR

Wit and Humor

Max: Did the alcohol I gave you prove effective in your radiator?
Fred: By golly—it was so strong that it blinded my lights!

Policeman: How did the accident occur?
Mr. Conway: My wife fell asleep in the back seat.

An Irish drill sergeant was putting a squad of recruits through their paces. Try as they would, he could not get a straight line.

Finally in exasperation, he shouted: "What's the matter wid yez? Can't ye line up? All of yez fall out and take a look at the line you've made!"

Bill: Did you know I was a life-saver during the summer season?
Martha: Really? What flavor?

Mother (scolding child for making faces): "Just suppose your face should freeze that way. Then you'd be a terrible sight."
Child: "Did you make faces when you were small, mother?"

Mr. Hood was endeavoring to explain to his class how air is compressed, and, for example, wheeled his bicycle into the room.

"Now," he said, pointing to the front wheel, "underneath that outer cover there is a hidden force—can any of you tell me what it is?"

"India rubber!" suggested one smart lad.

"No; try again."

There were several guesses made, but all of them incorrect. At length a youngster who had been making a close inspection of the machine turned to Mr. Hood.

"I know what it is," he said, beamingly. "It's wind—just wind. I've just stuck a pin in it and it all came out."

"Look at that now," said the proud Irish mother, holding up her new-born son for admiration, "isn't he a beauty? An' sure—everybody swears he's just the picture of his mither!"

"I wouldn't worry too much about that," said the guest, "so long as he's healthy."

Motorcycle Cop: "What's your name?"
Nancy Walters: "Nancy—what's yours?"

Charles Richardson had been keeping rabbits as a hobby—and one morning his father caught sight of him shaking one of his animals as though it were a rug.

"Whatever are you—" he began, and then paused. His son was repeating a kind of chant.

"Five and five," said the boy. "How much are five and five, you little beggar?"

"What is the meaning of this, Charles?" asked the astonished Mr. Richardson.

"Well," explained his son, "Mr. Brown told me rabbits multiply very rapidly, but this one can't even add!"

Miss Kerr: "Give me a sentence with the word 'Apollo' in it."
"Duetz": "An Apollo day keeps the doctor away."

"Wes": "Well, I guess I'll give the girls a treat tonight."
"Cakey": "Oh, so you're not going to the Prom?"

A lady going out for the day locked everything up carefully, and for the grocer's benefit left a card on the back door.

"All out. Don't leave anything."

One her return she found the house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added, "Thanks. We haven't left much."

Popular Song Hits

"Dizzy Fingers" - - - - - Catherine Clark
"Mary Lou" - - - - - - Ralph McClester
"Rosy Cheeks" - - - - - - Clarence Martin
"I've Got the Girl" - - - - - - John Dods
"Who?" - - - - - - - Nancy Walters
"Dainty Miss" - - - - - - - Ruth Doig
"I Just Wanna Be Known As Susie's Feller" - Jimmie Porter
"Our American Girl" - - - - - Garnett Douglass
"I Love the College Girls" - - - - Dave Klicker
"My Regular Girl" - - - - - - Glenn Shaffer
"It All Depends On You" - - - - - Mr. Conway
"It Won't Be Long Now" - - - - - Seniors
"Honey, I'm In Love" - - - - - - Bill Boyd
"He's the Last Word" - - - - - Harrison Myers
"That's Big Boy" - - - - - - Fred Brand
"Me and My Shadow" - Louise Neely and Frank Nicholas
"Baby Face" - - - - - - Eugene Harrison
"K-K-K-Katy" - - - - - Katherine Brownhill
"Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue" - - - Ann McPherson
"What Do I Care" - - - - - - Betty Bishop
"Where Do You Work-a John?" - - - John McElwain
"Who Do You Love?" - - - - Marygray Anderson
"C'est Vous" - - - - - - - Jean Mould
"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" - - - Mary Brennan
"Tin Pan Parade" - - Charles Boyd and George Clay
"Together" - - - - - John H. and Mabel W.
"Flapperette" - - - - - Eleanore Critchlow
"We, Two" - - - - - - Bobby and Jane
"She's the Girl-Friend" - - - - - Jane Ardery
"Aggravatin' Papa" - - - - Charles Richardson
"O Peter You're So Nice" - - - Peter Max Feltwell
"The Doll Dance" - - - - - Winifred White
"The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" - - - Peggy Moorhead
"Is She My Girl Friend?" - - - - "Jickles" Cook
"Let Me Call You Sweetheart" - - - Elizabeth Cannon
"Coquette" - - - - - - Helen Emmert
"Three O'clock in the Morning" - - - Jim Carson
"Brown Eyes" - - - - - - Miss Thomas

Key to the Baby Pictures

1. Edythe Whitlock.
2. Marygray Anderson.
3. Katherine Nicholas "Ikey."
4. Martha Watson.
5. Charles D. Richardson, Jr.
6. Mary Brennan.
7. Charles Boyd "Red."
8. Max Feltwell "Pete."
9. Helen Cusick.
10. Jean Mould.
11. Llda Jones "Lida."
12. John Dods "Cake."
13. Catherine Clark "Clarkie."
14. Fred Brand "Freddy."
15. Natalie Costello "Nat."
16. Jean Hammer.
17. George Clay.
18. Kenneth Johns "Kenny."
19. Percy Littlecott.
20. Helen and Arthur Minick.
21. James Carson "3 O'clock."
22. Kenneth and Ralph McClester.
23. Winifred White "Winnie."
24. Helen Matthews.
25. Harry Dolde "Smitty."
26. Michael Brennan "Mike."
27. Peggy White.
28. Paul Meyer.
29. Margaret Baumgartel "Marg."
30. Gladys Ellerton.
31. Kathryn Brownhill.
32. Glenn Shaffer "Sha."
33. William Fader "Bill."
34. David Klicker "Dave."
35. Martha Lowery "Marty."
36. Weston Clay "Wes."
37. Robert Helsing "Bob."
38. Miss McPherson "Marty."
39. George Garrett "Toad."
40. Ann McPherson.
41. Kermit Johns.
42. Richard Giese "Dick."
43. Mary Sprott.
44. Catherine Gallaher.

Can You Imagine?

1. Lloyd Smith not singing?
2. "Mummy" without the giggles?
3. Betty Bishop serious?
4. George Clay frowning?
5. Frank Nicholas without Louise?
6. Marygray walking?
7. Jimmy McCracken in a hurry?
8. Bill Fader saying anything else but "Sold out?"
9. Nancy Walters without a "man?"
10. Gladys Ellerton mussed?
11. Adelaide without Bobbie Doig?
12. Eleanore Critchlow without a dorine?
13. Anthony flunking?
14. The teachers giving short assignments?
15. "Cake" Dods not eating?
16. What fun we'd have if there was no school?
17. Peggy White without the latest gossip?
18. Garnett Douglass not wanting to hear it?
19. Harrison Myers wide awake through a whole period?
20. The Girl Reserves not having cocoa (and for a nickel) at their weekly meetings?
21. Martha Lowery not fixing her hair?

Wit and Humor

"My dad's got a new hearse and everybody is just dying to ride in it."

"How can you tell the difference between a professor and a student?"
"Ask him what 'it' is and if he answers a pronoun—he's a professor."

"I want a green suit, sir."
"Abie, turn on the green lights, this man wants a green suit."

Judge: "Are you married?"
Prisoner: "Yes."
Judge: "Whom did you marry?"
Prisoner: "A woman."
Judge: "Did you ever hear of any one who didn't marry a woman?"
Prisoner: "Yes. My sister married a man."

Scene: A Scottish home in northern Scotland.
Time: Supper time. Modern day.
Characters: Scotchman and his wife seated at the opposite ends of the table and four kiddies, two on either side.

Papa (holding the pie he is about to cut): "Kiddies what would ye rather ha', a penny or a piece of pie?"

Kiddies (in unison): "A penny, papa!"

Papa distributes a penny to each, then cuts the pie in half and gives his wife half and he eats half. After it is eaten, the maid brings a bowl of pudding in and places it on the table in front of papa.

Papa: "Now, kiddies, which ones of ye want to buy a penny's worth of pudding?"

(Curtain)

Mr. Irons (in chemistry class): "We will have a little test tomorrow and everybody ought to make 100 per cent."

Student: "Oh! Give me liberty or give me death!"
Mr. Irons (irritated): "Who said that?"
Student (frightened): "Patrick Henry, sir!"

McElwain: "I asked if I could see her home."
Jickles—"And what did she say?"
McElwain: "Said she would send me a picture of it."

Porter: "Is Paul Meyer a good chemistry student?"
Wes: "Good! I'll say he is. He's got the acids eating out his hands."

Early to bed,
Early to rise,
And your girl goes out
With other guys.

Many soles were lost last week when Boher's Shoe Factory burnt down.

"And this is the end of my tale," said the cat as he backed into the lawn-mower.

Wit and Humor

Mr. Gray: "How'd you get your puncture?"
Mr. Irons: "I ran over a chicken with pin-feathers."

Frank H. to "Ikey": "You're not the only pebble on the beach."
"Ikey": "No, but you're the only lemon on the tree!"

H. and C. were standing on the front step and he was ready to depart. Gazing into her deep blue eyes, he begged for a kiss and, blushing, she consented, providing he would keep it quiet. He leaned forward perhaps a bit too anxious. Alas, he had done it. Kissed her? No, kicked over the three empty milk bottles.

Betty Bishop: "Have you heard the latest about Freddie?"
Eleanor C.: "You mean about giving $100 to be a millionaire?"
Betty B.: "No, he found some corn plasters so he bought a tight pair of shoes."

Bill Cook: "So you're going to the University of Chicago next fall. What are you going to take?"
H. Dolde: "Triggernometry."

S. H. S. student (swallowing a hasty breakfast): "There little grapefruit, don't you cry, 'cause when you do, it hits my eye."

Student: "Say, do you get those worms in pairs?"
Biologist: "Naw,—they come in apples!"

H. Beck: "What kind of a car have you?"
D. Slem: "I got a Wreck."
Beck: "A wreck?"
Slem: "Yeah. Every time I park it, a dozen people come up and ask me if I've reported the accident yet!"

Father: "My boy, I hear you've been smoking. How about it?"
Freshie: "Er—ah, yes, Dad."
Father: "Well would you mind smoking El Fumos and giving me the coupons? I'm saving up for a smoking stand and I need help."

Mrs. Egolf (to puzzled student): "What's the matter, don't you know the question?"
Harrison Myers: "Yes, but I don't know the answer."

Freshie: "Do I need a hair cut?"
Senior: "Oh, that's it! I thought you had a fur cap on!"

Visitor: "Is that your son's collegiate flivver that he came home in?"
Mother: "No, he really had a wreck."

(OUR TWO NOISIEST)

Kuipers: "Say, Skillets, can you breathe through your nose?"
Skillets: "Sure, boy,—why?"
Kuipers: "Then keep your mouth shut."

The Gardener

Where the flowers stand like children
With bright heads in a row,
And old man through the garden goes;
A man the flowers all know.

The pansies shyly greet him;
The daisies toward him sway;
Each rose its sweetest fragrances
Breathes out along his way.

He labors in the garden
From dawn till dusk drifts down,
He gives the flowers his ebbing strength
While they weave him a crown.

He builds their bloom and beauty,
He rules their blossoming.
Supreme, he walks the graveled paths
A gardener? No, a king!

JANE CONNELLY, '29.

An Old-Fashioned House

An old-fashioned home,—I love it still,
With flower-boxes on the window sill,
A gleam of sunlight on the floor
And honeysuckles 'round the door.

White ruffled curtains blowing in the breeze,
An old stone walk beneath the trees,
A cozy swing with cushions deep,
A shady porch where roses creep.

A fire place where Grandma sits,
Sometimes talks, and oft' times knits,
A mother's care, a father's love;
Old-fashioned home, like that above.

MARY SPROTT, '28.

Coo! Wood doves! Coo!
Where frogs 'mid rushes sing,
And wild, red grape-vines swing.
My heart is there with you!

Laugh, little brook!
Where silver minnows play,
And fairy willows sway.
My soul flies to thy nook!

J. H., '28.

LITERARY

Iter ad Lunam

Philip Keene, noted scientist, dropped into a comfortable morris-chair before a roaring log fire. He was tired. He had spent a strenuous day in conference with some big financial men of New York. Keene had been seated only a few minutes when he heard a knock at the front door. Upon opening it, he saw a tall, emaciated gentleman standing on the porch.

"Mr. Keene, I believe?" said the stranger.

Keene nodded assent and showed the man a chair, wondering what a person could want at this time of night.

"I suppose you will be wondering what my mission is, so I will come to the point at once," said the man. "My name is Nicholas Serge, and I have come to you, of all men, because I know you are fully capable of performing the task before us. I have long been working upon an important invention and have almost completed it. With your aid, I am sure it can be perfected. You see," he said, leaning closer as if afraid that there might be some one listening, "I have invented a machine in which I hope to travel to the moon."

"You can't mean it?" gasped Philip, "Why, the thing is impossible!"

"Not so impossible as you think,' replied Mr. Serge.

"All I ask is that you come to my home and see the machine before you pass judgment upon it so rapidly."

Keene promised that he would do so, and set the next day for his visit. Mr. Serge gave his address and left for his home in New Jersey.

Long into the night he pondered over the strange story of Nicholas Serge. He did not know whether to take it as the raving of a maniac or as a well conceived plan of a clear-thinking brain. Nevertheless, he decided to play fair with the man and look his machine over.

The morrow dawned clear and bright, and Keene set out for Serge's house with a feeling of curiosity as to what he should find. He drove his car into a long driveway and finally came to a large house situated among a thick grove of maple trees.

"Good morning, Mr. Keene, good morning," and Nicholas Serge rushed out to greet him. "I am so glad you have come for I was afraid my tale of last night would seem too incredible for you to bother about. Come into the observatory and give my invention the once over."

Keene was led into a large workship with an aperture in the top through which an immense telescope protruded and beheld a marvelous machine at one end of the shop.

"This, my friend," proudly stated Mr. Serge, "is the means by which I hope to reach the moon."

It was, truly, a remarkable appearing piece of work, being made of metal and cigar-like in shape. The whole affair rested upon supports and was pointed toward a large hole in the roof of the workshop. Serge entered upon a long, technical explanation of his invention, and when it was over Keene came to the conclusion that this man was a genius.

"The whole idea," said Serge, "of the machine's locomotive power is based upon atomic force," and went into detail until Philip was convinced that the thing could navigate.

I shall not weary my readers with a long, drawn-out discussion of the machine. Sufficient to say, that it contained a cabin large enough to accommodate two passengers within its walls. There were four large, thick windows with heavy metal doors in front of them. The whole cabin was mounted upon a circular track inside the machine, so that no matter what might be the angle of

the space-flyer, it would always be in an upright position. There were also in the cabin, large oxygen-tanks capable of sustaining life for a long period of time. Keene looked it over and in a few hours discovered the trouble which had caused Mr. Serge so much worry.

"Hurrah!" cried the inventor in delight, "My space-flyer is finished!"

Then his face fell. "There is only one thing which worries me, and that is that I do not know whom I am going to get to accompany me on this dangerous voyage."

His companion pondered deeply for a few minutes, then answered, "I have been wishing, for a long time, to get away from the trials of city life, and I believe I have at last found a way out of my difficulties. Would you be willing to have me as a companion?"

"Would I!" exclaimed Mr. Serge, "Why I could wish for nothing better," and he shook hands warmly.

They appointed the next night for the beginning of the journey, as the weather promised to be fine for setting out. They laid in a store of provisions including ammunition, firearms, scientific instruments, and a large supply of canned food. About eight oclock of that eventful evening, with a full moon shining in the heavens, Philip Keene and Nicholas Serge entered the space-machine and closed the door behind them. After a careful survey of the controlling-board, Serge threw over the starting lever, and off they went with a rush. The earth dwindled away from them at an appalling speed as the flyer was built to attain an enormous velocity in order to reach the planet as soon as possible.

In exactly one week from the starting time, the machine came within the moon's atmosphere, and one hour later came gently to rest upon the surface of the moon. Keene cautiously opened the door as he was not sure whether the air of the moon was breathable or not. He soon found out that it was, and stepped out of the cabin followed by his pilot. The weird landscape set before their eyes awed them and it was quite a while before either spoke. It was Keene who first broke the silence.

"This is the greatest moment of my life," he said.

"To think that we, of all the rest on earth, have accomplished the impossible and have succeeded in flying from one planet to another."

As he was talking, Serge perceived a slight movement in a bush beside him and before he could prepare for it, the strangest creature imaginable stepped into full view of the two space explorers. He had an enormous head and chest and large protruding eyes. He carried a strange looking weapon in his hands, and before Serge could prevent it, fired point blank at Keene, who ducked in the nick of time to just miss being struck by the bullet. Serge shot out a terrific right to the creature's jaw, knocking him to the ground, but not before he had emitted a piercing cry.

The two men glanced nervously about as if expecting something dire to happen. Then suddenly there appeared a crowd of the queer creatures who viciously attacked the strangers. They had no chance and yielding, were quickly bound up with strong cords. They were carried for a short distance through the woods and then shoved into a curious looking flying machine. Five of the moon-men then stepped in and closed the door. One of them pushed a button and the strange vehicle rose swiftly from the ground and shot through the air with the speed of a bullet. In a short time it came to a gentle stop in the most wonderful city on which human eyes had ever rested.

The captives were hurried into an incredibly tall building of about two hundred stories. They stepped into a small elevator and shot up to the top at a swift speed. Here the prisoners had small metal plates, upon which were stamped queer characters, fastened to their backs, and they were then led to a

large bullet-shaped machine at one end of the room. They were taken into this and the door closed behind them. The projectile shot though a long tube which Philip later learned ran from the tall building to another part of the town. It finally came to a stop, and the captives were taken out. The Lunarians there, put them to work digging for some kind of metal, unknown to them.

After they had been working hard for three days, Keene turned to Serge and said, "I am going to try to escape. Did you notice that curious weapon hanging from the belt of our guard? Well, I am going to wrest that from him and make a break for it!"

"But how will you do this without the other guards noticing it?"

"Haven't you noticed that just before dusk our guard goes away and another takes his place for the rest of the night?"

"Oh, I see; then you intend to dispose of the day guard before the other comes in, and make good our escape?"

"Exactly. Hush, the guard is coming near."

The fellow came up to them and motioned for them to continue work, but at that moment, Keene threw a handful of gravel in the guard's eyes, momentarily blinding him. Keene quickly put him to sleep with a rock and grabbed his weapon. They stole quietly out of the yard in which they had been working and passed down the street. In a little while they came upon a flyer in the street. A man was working over it, with his back to our heroes. Keene pounced on him and held him, while Serge relieved him of his weapon. Then they commanded the man to take them to their space-flyer which was about five miles from the city. Of course the Lunarian could not understand the earthmen, but they clearly pointed the way and what they wanted of him, by sign language.

The moon machine quickly took them to the spot and stopped within a couple of hundred yards of the space ship. They commanded the moon-man to beckon to the Lunarians guarding the space-ship, and as he did so, they came over, curious to know what their friend wanted. There were six of them, all told, and as they approached, Serge and Keene pulled the triggers of their weapons. The result was amazing. Two dazzling green rays shot from the muzzles and enveloped the six men. As they were touched by the rays they vanished completely from the astonished sight of our friends.

After they had recovered from their amazement, they bound up the remaining moon-men and went into their own flyer. Just at this time a band of the Lunarians broke into view and rushed at the space-machine. They evidently had come upon the body of the guard, and were bent upon vengeance. Serge threw over the lever just in time, and the ship rose above the heads of the enraged mob.

The space-explorers, feeling that the moon was not a very friendly planet, turned toward the earth. When they had been away from the moon only a very short time, Keene uttered a piercing yell.

"Nicholas, for heaven's sake, look out of that window!" he cried.

Serge glanced quickly out, and his eyes met a sight that froze the blood in his veins. There, not a hundred yards away and coming on with the speed of an express train was one of the moon-flyers! There was not time enough to get out of the way of this engine of destruction. An instant later, the two ships struck, and Philip Keene felt himself falling, falling, falling.

Thump! He opened his eyes and looked around. To his astonishment he found that he was on the floor of his own room in his home on earth and upon his startled ears a voice was calling, "Time to get up, Mr. Keene. It's ten o'clock and you told me to wake you in plenty of time, as you had an appointment set for today. I've been trying to wake you for two hours, sir, that I have!"

CHARLES D. RICHARDSON, JR.

Conscience

"Say Dick, I've been called home suddenly so won't have time to copy and enter my story. Be a good scout and do it for me, will you? Mother has taken a turn for the worse, but the doctors say that if we can get her south at once there may be a chance. Dick, old scout, you know how much this story means to me. I've put all I had into it, and if it's good enough to take the one thousand dollar prize (and I think it's pretty good), that money will go a long way toward helping mother. I know I can depend upon you—Barry."

Dick read the note through a second time, then gazed dubiously upon the heap of manuscript and shook his head.

"Not for anyone else, but since it's Barry, I'll do it," he finally decided. He took up the story and began to read. It was a good story. The further Dick read, the more he realized the fact. Barry had spent weeks looking up data, guided by the urgent need of his mother. For a while Dick also had thought of entering the contest. He was not wealthy, and the thousand dollars would enable him to have many things that he had long wanted. But to Dick, the desire was not worth the time and effort and he had not tried a story. But now as he read Barry's story and considered its prospects, he once more craved the money and all that would go with it. He read the story once more, and was tempted, read it again—and decided. He set to work and typed furiously.

He walked from classes the next day with Arden Lee. Dick liked many girls, but for Arden he had a particular affection.

"Going my way, Ard?" Dick asked as he took possession of her books.

Arden cocked her little green hat at just the right angle on her golden curls, powdered her nose, and surveyed her face in the small mirror of her dorine. She extended her ink-stained hands for inspection.

"You're not ashamed to walk up street with such a dirty person; are you?" she laughed.

"Not on your life," Dick answered; "and if you're not afraid of 'getting fat', let's treat ourselves to a sundae."

"All right,' she answered, "I was going to the drug store for some more paper anyhow. Have to type my story for the contest tonight." And then looking at him she asked, "Did you write one?"

"Uh-huh." As soon as he had said it Dick wished the lie untold.

"Really? I didn't think you were going to enter. What's the big incentive?"

"Oh, just sat down and wrote it off. Nothing much. Have it here in my book."

"May I see it?" Arden asked.

Dick ordered two sundaes and then called her attention to something else in an endeavor to change the subject. But Arden was interested and so repeated her question, "May I read it?"

Dick flushed uncomfortably, "I don't have it."

Arden laughed, "Oh, silly! You just told me that you had it with you, and I see it." She glanced toward his books. "It's going to break the back of that book unless you take it out." She lifted the book and took from it the sheets of manuscript, "May I?" she coaxed.

Dick was cornered. "Oh I guess so," he answered.

Arden leafed through the sheets. "It's all finished I see. I'll turn it in for you in the morning."

Dick wanted to protest but couldn't. Words just wouldn't come. Arden stuck the story in her pocket, and they left.

After seeing Arden home, Dick went straight to his room.

"I didn't really intend to hand Barry's story in as my own—of course I didn't," he told himself. "Barry needs that money; I don't. What will he say?"

He was filled with self reproach. He tried to study but couldn't. Barry's picture was on the desk, and Barry's eyes seemed to accuse him. He moved the picture where he could not see it, but still the eyes seemed to follow him, with their reproach. By ten o'clock he could stand it no longer. He called Arden's home, but she was not in. Forgetting to thank his informant, he replaced the receiver. He couldn't reach Arden—Arden would hand in Barry's story in the morning, and it would be listed under his name. What could he do? To see the dean would mean full explanation, and that would mean his expulsion from school and disgrace. On the other hand, Barry would not be back for probably a week. He took the easier of the two courses. He decided to carry it off with a bold front and later explain to Barry. Barry would understand—he always did. It was a choice of pride or honor. Dick wasn't brave enough to face the consequence of full confession. False pride was his dominant characteristic and it triumphed.

The next morning he smiled at Arden, and she smiled back. He imagined he saw reproach in her glance. But nonsense! She didn't know. Still he avoided her for the rest of the day and would have done so after classes, but she waited for him. He forced a smile to his face and a greeting to his lips as he approached her.

They chatted as usual but Dick could not concentrate. Several times Arden was obliged to repeat. He imagined that all who spoke to them, looked suspiciously at him. At each step he grew more uncomfortable.

"Dick, what is the matter with you? I've told you three times that your story was perfectly marvelous!"

Dick pulled himself together with an effort.

"Glad you liked it," he replied weakly.

"Like it!" she nodded, "It's grand! Somehow I have a feeling of insignificance in comparison. Mine seems so weak. But it's the best I can do. You're just a natural born author," she laughed.

"I'm no author," he stammered.

"But to write like that requires genius—and time," she remarked thoughtfully. "Now I—well I feel, but I just can't express it. You must have some appreciation of how things stir an author's soul."

"If an author has a soul—which I doubt." Dick grasped at the straw in a desperate attempt to change the subject. Arden liked these deep subjects, he reflected—the soul and things like that.

"You think then that there is no such thing as the soul?" she asked quickly.

Some of his confidence returned. The subject was not to his liking, but at least it was safer ground.

"Oh, I was speaking in a personal way," he replied, "You may have a soul, but I don't think that I have one."

Arden looked puzzled. It was unlike Dick, but she laughed.

"Never did, or just lose it?" she asked.

"If I ever had one," he replied thoughtfully, "It must have died and withered away."

"My! How serious we are today." Arden laughed and then returned to the subject. "Maybe it died from lack of proper cultivation," she suggested.

Dick flushed. She seemed to have read his thoughts. He looked quickly at her, but she gazed back with guileless blue eyes, and he was reassured.

"I think," he stated, "that it's not so much lack of cultivation as lack of

desire. Souls just naturally include some things that I never cared a lot to possess—for instance, a conscience.''

Dick was in no mind to let her carry the investigation further along this line, for, having once started it, intuitively he realized that it was dangerous. He was about to introduce a new subject, but Arden took advantage of his hesitation and sprung her trap.

''That's the first true thing I've heard you say today, Richard Armstrong! You're simply despicable, cowardly, mean, selfish, lazy—oh how I'd hate myself if I were you!''

Dick's expression changed rapidly from one of surprise to anger and indignation and last to guilt. He sat down on a nearby bench and dropped his head between his hands.

''Don't, Arden, please,'' and then as she would have spoken, ''oh I know I deserve it and more, and you won't believe me when I say I'd do anything, give anything to undo it—but I would.''

For a moment Arden did not answer, then, in a softer tone she asked, ''Why did you do it, Dick?''

''Thought I could get away with it,'' he answered, ''Thought I could.''

''Bluff!'' Arden supplied the word, ''and no one will know, but do you think that you can stand it? I'm the only one that knows—you see Barry let me read it when he was writing it. Do you wish me to keep quiet? It's no business of mine.''

But Dick's mind was made up. He got to his feet.

''No, Arden, thanks,'' he said. ''I'm going to the dean and explain. It means expulsion, but I'm glad. I can't stand it.''

''No need, Dick,'' the girl informed him. She came nearer and laid her hand lightly on his arm. ''I'm glad you decided this way—oh so glad! I couldn't have stood it if you had decided otherwise. And here's the story.'' She handed him the manuscript. ''I knew you wouldn't do a thing like that; so I didn't hand it in.' She gave his arm a slight squeeze and was gone.

It seemed a long time that Dick stood and gazed dumbly at the returned story. Then gladness filled him, and his muscles and brain came into action. He glanced at his watch.

''Just time to change the name and get Barry's story in,'' he said, ''And then I must go tell Arden that I believe I do have a soul for I, at least, have a conscience—and a heart.''

MARYGRAY R. ANDERSON.

On the Edge of the Moon

Old Don lifted his tired ears lazily. Something had waked him. The silvery muzzle was slowly raised from the ground while forepaws sprawled out on the hard porch floor. The blurred eyes sought beyond the dark silhouette of the barn and the oat-fields waving in a silent ghostly manner under the moon's rays. A mile and a half away lay The Moon, a low oval-topped hill, projected sharply from the surrounding flat country. Silent and austere it stood in the moonlight. There was not a sound from that direction save the night-owl's unearthly wail and the low whistle of the summer wind as it swept across the surging billows of grain. Yet it was unmistakably in that direction that the old pointer turned his quivering nostrils.

The rising breeze brought no strange scent to the time-dulled nose. Don would have lain down again. He was tired. Time was when such a night would have beckoned to him with an irresistible allurement to feel the soft ground slipping under his hot feet as he dashed in pursuit of some helpless bit of prey. But Don was old; and, to an old dog, sleep is good. Yet, something kept the velvety-brown ears half raised, alert, as if they were strained to catch some sound, something which had roused their owner from the land of dog-dreams. They heard nothing. A low whine issued from the black-roofed mouth with its blunted yellow fangs.

Suddenly Don rose. He did not understand what made him do it. It was some power superior to himself. Perhaps it was instinct. In all his fine life this strange sixth sense had never failed him. This time, as always, he obeyed. Down the creaking wooden steps, over the cinder path, and across the closely cut lawn he trotted with the heavy, lumbering gait of the aged dog. As he wheeled past the barn, there was a rush of eager footsteps to the stable door. A whining brown nose was thrust expectantly through the crack. Two furry red paws dug at the barn floor. Don trotted determinedly on. He had no time for harum-scarum pups. He was bent on business. Back in the barn, Teddy howled dismally.

Now he was nearing the barnyard with its strong barbed-wire fence. Under the whitewashed gate was a hole one of the dogs had made. Crouching low, Don dragged himself through. Circling the strawstack, whose huge bulk cast a dim shadow over the center of the enclosure, he started down the lane leading to the pasture below. How often had he traveled this same path at the heels of his master, who, gun on shoulder, would stride along beside him. Then, Don had been able to scent a covey of quail a quarter of a mile away. What fine old hunters they had been, he and his master! The last two seasons, his master had been borrowing Arlard's setter, Fritz. They had locked old Don up in the house and slipped off without his seeing them. But Old Don knew! Couldn't he smell the faint doggy scent on his master's old hunting breeches where Fritz had rubbed against them? Couldn't he trace the setter's light footprints beside his master's steps down the lane?

A wild rabbit, frightened from its hiding place by the side of the lane, scampered under the wire fence and into the orchard on the right. Don gave it not a passing glance. He was not interested in rabbits just now. He reached the foot of the lane where it broadened into the pasture land. On the left, a half-mile away, the rolling fields suddenly sank into treacherously uncertain swamp-land. Beyond, the grey outline of Lewis's barn could be vaguely discerned. Straight ahead, enclosed by a clump of trees so as to make it almost invisible, lay the muddy pond, sulkily allowing itself to be restrained by the clay dam. Don's route led in neither of those directions. He turned to the right, panting heavily as he bounded over the uneven ground.

At the spring was a great smooth stone. Here he paused. Crawling cautiously down the mossy rock, he plunged his feverish muzzle into the cool brook. How nice it would have been to linger lazily there. But something was driving him on. He began ascending the slope. It was hot work; and, when he reached the crest, he lay down thankfully on the cool earth. In a moment he was up again, wading through the high, damp meadow-grass. At last he arrived at the foot of The Moon. From here it was that the mysterious call had come to him. He staggered up the hill.

It seemed hours before level ground rose under his aching feet once more. His breath was coming in short, sharp gasps. The white flanks were heaving, and the pink tongue was lolling out of the panting mouth. Here where the bush grass was thickest, Don had often sported with some hapless bunny as the

victim of his carefree revels. Perhaps it was of this that the pointer was thinking; perhaps the old dog was too tired to notice anything. However it was, his once keen senses failed to warn him of the approach of danger. Suddenly in Don's blurred and wavering vision appeared a man sitting cross-legged on the ground examining something he held in his hands.

Of course, it was a tramp, with his rough, unshaven face and his coarse, dirty, patched clothes. Don had been taught to hate tramps; but this one was not on his master's estate. It was something else that caught the old pointer's attention. The man was holding his master's bag! To be sure, it was the old discarded game bag, left lying in the orchard many a day ago. But it was his master's. Don growled softly.

His brutal face twisted in anger and fright, the tramp sprang to his feet, clutching the bag. He reached for the gun on the ground beside him; but as he bent down, and before he could lay hands on it, the dog sprang. A scream of mortal terror escaped the thin cruel lips, as the deadly bag was dropped with desperate haste. At the same time was heard the patter of approaching footsteps. The lithe brown body of Teddy, the Airedale hurled itself at the invader, who fled yelling over the south side of the hill with the pup in hot pursuit. Don did not follow. He had saved the piece of his master's property from the harsh hands of the trespasser. He did not want the man. Teddy could punish him. Just now what Don wanted most was sleep. He headed toward home.

Daylight was just creeping over The Moon, the first cock was just crowing, when Don awoke. The precious bag was lying between his forefeet. The dog sniffed at its half-open mouth. There were some dirty greenish papers in it. They were not his master's. They carried the confusedly intermingled scents of many, many people's hands. Don sighed. The great head dropped onto the white forepaws again. It was good to be home.

JEAN HAMMER.

Tyche's Mantle

I

For eleven hours she had wandered. Eleven hours of weary searching, of climbing stairs in musty buildings, of being rebuffed by brusque employers, of anxiously perusing column after column of "Want Ads," of reaching bewilderedly for that elusive thing, a job. She had been without work for two weeks now, and her funds were low. It seemed that no one had any need for the work at which, up to this time, she had worked steadily. A good education stood somewhat in her stead, but she had majored in Indian and Chinese history. This had narrowed her field considerably.

She had been doing hackwork on a comprehensive History of India under a great professor. But it had vanished as the morning mist. This the professor could not afford, for the publishers required a bond, insuring against loss. He gave up the idea for the time being, and Auriel Blair had been abruptly dismissed. "I'll have to get something else," she mused. But getting something else wasn't so easy as it sounded.

It had begun to rain that afternoon, a steady downpour, but she had persisted in her efforts for a while. Then a disheartened little person in a sodden, blue sport suit climbed the stairs to a tiny flat with big windows looking out on a dreary spectacle of dank buildings,—never ending rain. After changing to dry clothing she looked into her purse where two lone dollar bills reposed.

Perhaps they would supply to-morrow's needs, perhaps not. If they wouldn't —and with this thought she went to a shabby steamer trunk in a corner and returned to the seat by the window with a most glorious and gorgeous shawl about her shoulders—a large, creamy-white shawl of some gossamer stuff that glistened iridescently with thousands of fitfully shining points of light. It glittered so softly that the lights could be likened to tiny silver bells; bells that called "Auriel" distinctly. For the mantle had a spirit that belonged to her since her mother's death. If the antiquarians had had their way it would have been in the museum whither had gone her one other valuable possession, the history of her adventurous ancestors. She had refused to part with the mantle because of its beauty, its legends, and its associations. The mantle had been in her family since it had been found amid some ruins by an invading Indian of the early Kashmir dynasty. The scholars of the time, Dhanika and Halay-Hudha, had identified it as the mantle of Tyche, the Greek Goddess of Fortune. They determined that it was the mantle of which it had been said by Tyche, "Who possesseth this mantle, that it shall stay in their family for three generations, it shall work for them in fortune, aiding them ever in the time of their need and being fickle, leaving them always in the time of their plenty to their own eternally adventurous devices." All this had been written in Auriel's family history.

The mantle had been in her family for more than nine centuries. All its prophecies had been fulfilled on its long descent through the women in the line. It was known that those who inherited it through their father's family inherited a scarlet shawl, and when it descended through the maternal side it was white. No explanation for this could be found, but it was so.

Now money must come some way, or she would be faced with the necessity of parting with it. At this thought she suddenly became conscious of the fact that the shawl, in all its beauty, was part of her; that her mother had always treasured it, too. In defiance, she stamped her little foot, "I won't part with it. I'll always keep it. Unless—" and her defiance fled like sunshine before a storm, a storm of doubt, "unless I must—"

To-morrow it would still be raining. The picture of another day of fruitless search in that deluge sent an icy shiver through her. After awhile the outlines of the room became dim. The fire merged into the dimness, a cheery red blur amid that great expanse of black. "I won't have to sell the shawl—; the fire is so pretty—; the shawl—; yes, the shawl is mine—; I won't—what's wrong with?—No, not,—no!—unless—" And she went to sleep with what sounded mightily like a sob.

II

A small body of superbly mounted soldiers advanced quickly along a flagstoned road. The soldiers were in the full armor of Crusaders. At their head was a heavily built man in the garb of a wealthy civilian. The place was the road between Clermont in southern Normandy and Bayonne in northern Spain. The time was 1050 A. D.

At the council of Clermont, Alcara de Navarre had heard the Pope's stentorian, "God Wills It." His son should carry the honor of the ancient Spanish family forward in the mighty struggle against the infidel hordes. At the same time Vincente de Navarre should greatly aid the fortunes of the ex-royal (Alcara had been disinherited) family by taking a ship and some valuable commodities along with the soldiers. He should cruise along the African coast of the Mediterranean and "trade high."

The brain of Alcara de Navarre had conceived all this. Alcara de Navarre willed it; it should be so. And, curiously enough, Vincente was highly pleased

with the prospect of commanding a trader on his beloved Mediterranean. It was hard to leave the gay life of a provincial court for the rigid discipline of the seas. But adventure called, and adventure must be obeyed.

Many, many days later Vincente and his ship, laden with tropical products, may be found near the mouth of the Nile. It is high time he turned northward towards Constantinople. Far to the right can be seen the broad mouth of the Nile. The air is thick, oppressive. The sea rises and falls in long, calm swells of an unearthly drab color. Thick clouds hang low, like mouse-colored plush curtains, on the horizon. The elemental fury culminates in the precipitation of a terrible tempest. The storm tossed vessel is finally grounded on the Suez Peninsula with about half the crew remaining. The loss of the vessel is no loss at all to the carefree and adventurous Vincente. He immediately decides to start out toward Asia Minor.

Sailors, as a rule, are of an equable disposition, and these were no exception. They readily agreed upon the long dangerous venture proposed by their leader.

The sun, a molten ball, hangs low in the western sky, casting long shadows before everything. We find several of these shadows and behind them framed in the glow of the setting sun, are a group of men mounted on camels. They resemble those thieving nomads, the Bedouins, but a close inspection reveals Vincente de Navarre and his sailors who, in truth take well to the sea-like motion of the ungainly beasts. Their trading spirit had manifested itself in the acquisition of camels, a most difficult feat on the open desert.

They proceed silently, for the most part, ever eastward. Some few hours later, a low riding cloud may be seen far to the right. Further riding brings them much closer to the cloud which turns out to be a swiftly riding army. Vincente brings his little band abreast of the leaders and through the interpretation of a sailor, he carries on an animated conversation with the friendly and highly amused Caliph of Fatima. The army was bearing eastward on a mission of conquest, and since the young gentleman had no particular destination he would be pleased to accompany them. He did not fully understand whether he was a highly welcome guest of the Caliph or a prisoner in his guardhouse. At any rate he was to go with them. He was not particularly worried. An Egyptian army! The thought intrigued him.

Two months later, after much pillaging on the way, a victorious army entered the capital of the Kashmir dynasty at Bagdad in Iraq.

The place was in an uproar. Didda, a new and unscrupulous queen, had ascended the throne by right of a thunderous conquest. The people had just settled into a peaceful lethargy after the disturbance caused by her accession. There had been no guards about. Now they were paying for their folly with a bloody massacre. The Fatimites surged into the palace, Vincente and the Caliph at their head. Didda fled, was overtaken and decapitated. Vincente, sabre in hand, rushed into all the upper rooms. In a far wing of the palace he found two old men and, wonder of wonders, a most beautiful girl enfolded in an equally entrancing shawl of scarlet. The warrior's power of decision asserts itself. Dhanika and Halay-Hudha, teachers and scholars, die quickly and quietly. Jaichand, only daughter of the ill-fated queen was carried off by the handsome young Spaniard. Princess Jaichand, whose vivid imagination had often taken her on such flights, made no outcry. Romance was in her heart, admiration in her eyes.

Muffled in her shawl she had been riding for a long time. Then the horse stopped, and she was lifted down. She found herself far to the west of the city on the open desert. Around her as far as she could see in any direction were tents, row on row, across the level sunlit expanse of shifting sands.

A week's rest being deemed sufficient for the recuperation of both man and beast, one week later half of the Fatimite army again turned westward in the general direction of home, the other half being left in charge of the city.

During this and the many successive weeks the army plodded steadily homeward, Jaichand grew to love and admire Vincente.

She admired him for his carefree and almost foolhardy daring and courage; she loved him because he was lovable, and because she was a highly cultured young lady, of a semi-barbarous age and place and to her he was the consummate embodiment of many semi-barbarous hopes and dreams. We can only surmise this, perhaps, because we are seeing all this through the eyes of another woman, the eyes of Auriel Blair, whose primitive jealousy may have been aroused by the love of Jaichand, so far removed from her own day and age.

As the day advanced an indefinite black spot of the horizon took on form, life, and became an army, Norman army. The Fatimites had no time to flee, and because of their depleted number were quickly vanquished. They had come much closer to the coast than they had realized and had thus incurred the danger which had overwhelmed them.

When the Norman army charged, Vincente and Jaichand dropped to the rear, and by a wide and circuitous route came up behind them and joined the Norman band, which, they quickly learned, was soon intending to return to Europe. Friends were quickly and easily made among these members of a kindred nation.

The Norman army returned homeward in a most leisurely manner, enjoying to the utmost the adventures, the friends, and the enemies who came their way —a host of adventurous souls, tarrying to avoid the lethargic peace and content of an apathetic mother country.

Vincente and Jaichand had delighted in all the varied experiences of their fellow explorers, but an inexhaustable desire for new sights and new people seemed to animate their life, and they soon left the continent for the land of the Anglo-Saxons. A short while there, then moving to the land of the northern Celts. They were an entirely alien couple in a more strange country, and yet, through some strange quirk of fate, we find them rulers of an immense estate. Vincente has taken part in many Highland wars. He has grown old in this country and has come to be revered by many subjects. Good fortune has truly served these children of adventure, served them through a marvelous mantle worn by Jaichand. In their old age they are content to let the adventure be carried on by the youth. They have lived, now they are content to die.

III

The fire has died down. The room has become cold. The cold steals silently over and gently touches a beautiful feminine form, asleep facing a large window, an expanse of rain. A pair of full, brown eyes open quietly and stare steadfastly where they can still see an ancient tableau; an oriental palace, a battle; and through them stalks a young hero. Another picture is seen in the rear; a silver-armored horseman carrying a beautiful girl embraced in a lustrous scarlet mantle. They go over her head, thundering down the silver hall of the future.

Suddenly activity becomes apparent in the room. A fire is kindled. Paper and a dilapidated typewriter are brought forth and without further ado, the typewriter begins busily clicking.

At five o'clock the next morning an exhausted girl folds several sheets of the manuscript, places them in an envelope, hurries out and posts it in the nearest mail box. At eleven o'clock a highly excited publisher reader rushes madly to a literary editor. The editor urbanely nods his head.

One week later the advance notices of "Tyche's Mantle," by Auriel began to appear in all the leading literary publications. The editor had called her to

his office that very day, had returned her short story, had persuaded her to write a novel, had given her a guarantee, had even arranged for royalties. Auriel, astounded, had immediately begun work on the longer story, and some two months later a beautifully bound edition met an enthusiastic reception from the public.

It is nearly two years since that first wonderful success. Besides the work that it now nearing completion, she has had one other success, it is a little Auriel, the daughter of a certain publisher's reader whose reputation was established on his discovery of "Tyche's Mantle." He is now a highly successful critic.

They are all very happy there. The gorgeous beauty of "Tyche's Mantle" still holds a place of honor in this haven of an adventurous family.

PAUL MEYER, JR.

Flat on her Nose or the Peacock Portieres

A Tale of Life on a Wealthy Man's Estate

"Mr. Roha," said his wife, "nothing can hinder me. Those portieres must be found! Already, I have summoned a detective."

Mr. Roha was doubtless on the point of saying something very acid, when who should enter the room but Nelsonia Petronovski, a Russian girl whom the Roha's had adopted and who was usually called "our little Nell!"

Mr. Roha was about to greet her when five shots were heard in the garden, and a large bearded man plunged into the room and dropped dead.

Nell turned dreadfully pale.

"It's the detective!" she shrieked, and fell flat on her nose, which commenced to bleed.

"My Lord, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Roha after a lapse of about seventy-five seconds. "Pick her up! She's just ruining the rug!"

* * * * *

Two hours later a mob of morbid excitement-seekers was surrounding the house for five miles in all directions. Fifteen policemen were examining with a microscope, every mothball in the cedar chest where the portieres had been kept. Twelve more were staring intently into the dead eyes of the detective. Seven more were sitting with their feet on the living room table, intently thinking, no doubt. Reporters were dashing madly hither and yon seeking interviews. One was was kicked violently through the front door each minute, but every time the door was opened to perform this useful operation, twelve or twenty-nine more got in.

"These news boys will be the death of me yet!" howled Mr. Roha.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Roha, who looked on these things in a different light, "we must regard these newspaper men as being all for the best. Even the humblest spider is of some value, and although reporters are rather less pleasing than spiders, still, they must have a purpose for their existence. Doubtless they serve some useful end!"

Having delivered herself of this charming sentiment Mrs. Roha proceeded to give an interview which will be described later.

At this moment one of the morbid excitement-seekers got into the house but was promptly expelled.

Meanwhile Nell was conversing with the new detective whose name was Charley McGroggins, but who was usually called "The Boston Bulldog" for no reason whatsoever.

"It's a put up job!" she lamented.

"You may be right," said the B. B-D., "but in the meantime your father is under arrest."

"Why, that's absurd!" expostulated Nell.

"That just why we're doing it!" exclaimed the Bulldog triumphantly.

"That's the sort of thing that happens in the stories I've read, so maybe it's all right," considered Nell.

But to return to Mrs. Roha.

"This is truly a terrible happening," said she to the reporters while considering whether she would have looked better in her blue and red dress with the green polka-dots. "However, I think we should look on these things as being all for the best. . . ."

Mrs. Roha paused.

She had intended to say something more.

"It came to us as such a shock," she said apologetically.

"We never dreamed of such a thing!" she said after another pause which was slightly longer.

"We never even considered it as a possibility, you know. That is, you know. . . ." She considered.

"We weren't expecting it. We didn't know it was going to happen or we might have . . . that is . . . we weren't prepared." She thought for some time and then added, "you know."

"It started with the loss of the Peacock Portieres. Been in our family for ages. Came from China, or was it France? I'm not just sure whether they came over in the Mayflower or can be traced back to the Norman Conquest, but they're rare or something, and so. . . . Then this on top of it. Such a surprise. We weren't expecting it at all. Not in the least. Really. I assure you."

Eventually she gave up.

At this moment one of the morbid excitement-seekers got into the house, but was promptly expelled.

"What you need," said the Bulldog, "is an amateur detective. He'll pop up any minute now. No good mystery story can get along five minutes without him. He's the only one who can solve the case. He'll show us old birds where we're all off, and then your father will be released."

"Just like a story book!" mused Nell.

II

"Purpose?" asked Nell. She was speaking to her father about his arrest.

"Why so gloomy? Are you fair?" he replied. "I may have had a pistol attached to a piano wire so that when anyone played 'Melody in F' the pistol would discharge a bullet of ice, which may have hit the detective. You never can tell."

"Father, jest not! Alas! This may prove to be a sorry jest for you! Already the grim shadow of the gallows falls on your hoary locks and chills with its ghastly portent."

At this moment one of the morbid excitement-seekers got into the house, but was promptly expelled.

"My dear child, pray grieve not, though I must die the death! Ah, my sweet one, come, soothe me with one of your touching Russian folksongs! I feel a sadness stealing o'er my aged form."

So Nell sang a touching folksong about a poor woman who had been arrested and cast into jail for speaking on Boston Common without a permit, and whose seventy-seven children perished miserably under the cruel lash of the public executioner.

"Thank you, my child," said her foster father. "Your gentle voice has made me very happy."

At this moment a boy of about twenty leaped up from under her father's chair, hurling the old man on his head.

"I'm the amateur detective," he said. "I warn you that anything you say may be used against you!"

Then he took Nell in his arms and kissed her full on the lips.

"Bless you, my children!" said benevolently Mr. Roha.

"I may add," said the A. D., "that I have with me a copy of the newspaper containing the latest news."

KILLING NOT SEEN—MR. ROHA
Society Woman Says She Did
Not Expect Murder Or
Would Have Been
Prepared!

Mrs. Henry Roha, tastefully attired in a pink rez-de-chausee with an ensemble on the left shoulder, declared that the murder which has convulsed New York was in no way anticipated by the Roha family. Her statement is taken by such authorities as J. Oscar Wilkins Pratt Smith-Jones to indicate that she does not believe her husband guilty of the murder which for sheer atrocity, bleak mystery, and slippery horror is probably the most exciting event of the year.

Having read thus far, Nell was in tears.

"Parosky daroff, sie habes nicht gagunhem, oh je suis tres amoreux mais aque se habla espanol llywdd beanacht-y-mhuriean!" she said in her native, (and other) languages.

"Yes, darling," said the A. D., "I will solve it for you."

Whereupon he proceeded to go into the brown study which was the third room on the right hand side of the main hall through the attic. Here he proceeded to calculate logarithms, analogarithms, the possibilities of Alfred Smith's receptions at the hands of the antiinterdenominationalists, and the correct way to spell dudelsackpfeifemachergesellenherrberge. Having done this he proceeded, on hints derived from "Alice in Wonderland," to add up all the numbers involved and reduce to shillings and pence. He then measured the distance from New York to Washington, using the formula A—2sn-5% at $2.50, referred to the dates of the presidencies of Zachary Taylor and Zachary Peters, with some reference to the Third Catiline Oration, and eventually announced that the portieres were behind the kitchen stove, and that the detective had committed suicide. All of which, as was proved by a secret paper found in the cedar chest, was entirely true.

"But how did you do it?" asked Nell.

"By a system of deductive reasoning which I studied in Sophomore English, in that excellent textbook 'Effective English' in the chapter on Argumentation!"

"I am afraid I don't follow you," said our Nell.

"That," said the amateur detective, sagely, "is what makes this a mystery story!"

At this moment another morbid excitement-seeker got into the house, but was promptly expelled.

* * * * *

"Meaning?" asked Miss Kerr on reading this piece.

"Why so gloomy? Are you fair?" I responded.

What happened then history recordeth not. But rumor hath it that the judgment was—"Why such an effort for all the effect?"

ANTHONY HENRICI.

Book Review Department

The Bridge of San Luis Rey

By Thornton Wilder

"On Friday noon, July the twentieth, 1714, the finest bridge in all Peru, the Bridge of San Luis Rey, collapsed and precipitated five gesticulating travelers into the gulf below."

Why did this happen to *those* five? Either we live by accident and die by accident or we live by plan and die by plan," reasoned Brother Juniper, a Franciscan monk, who resolved to inquire into the secret lives of those five people that he might determine why God had so abruptly ended their lives. What a subject for meditation and thought! Brother Juniper believed the collapse of the bridge to be an act of God. He wanted to prove it, historically, mathematically, to his obstinate, unbelieving converts. He labored for six years compiling a book, cataloguing thousands of little facts, anecdotes, and testimonies, which he might use to establish the fact that each of the five lost lives was a perfect whole and to show why God had settled upon that person and that day for His demonstration of wisdom. Yet for all his diligence Brother Juniper never knew the central passion of Dona Maria's life; nor of Uncle Pio's, not even of Esteban's. Perhaps Thornton Wilder, even, as he himself said, "—May have missed the very spring within the spring."

While doing research work in Europe, Wilder discovered a dust-covered copy of Brother Juniper's book in an obscure corner of a cupboard in the library of the Univesity of San Marco. From this copy he obtained the material for the Bridge of San Luis Rey which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize as the finest American novel of the year.

In this philosophical novel, Wilder has portrayed with skill, the innermost lives of these persons, with a beautiful style of charming grace and dignity, yet with humor, irony, and insight, which has hardly been surpassed. This penetrating story is clearly and forcefully told in a unique manner. It is decidedly interesting and entertaining. Thornton Wilder is not a meteor but a fixed star in the literary heavens.

Katherine Meiser.

We

By Charles A. Lindbergh

A little boy, ten years old, sees an aeroplane, and the desire is born in him to fly. He keeps his boyhood ambition before him always, and after going through the Army Flying School, he receives his pilot's wings and joins the air-mail force. Then suddenly, when he is twenty-four, like a bird swooping down out of the clouds, he flies alone across the Atlantic Ocean to Paris. All in a day he becomes the idol of the world—held as the spirit of all that is brave and courageous—the spirit of young America—the ambassador who did more toward the cause of peace than all conferences in the world—Charles Lindbergh.

This is the most popular boy's book in America. Not only a boy's book, but everybody's book—for who is not interested, who does not admire with all his heart the wonderful young man having in him all that is fine? Every boy worships Lindbergh. He is the hero, the one boys will try to follow. They look up into the sky at the tiny object flying high in the blue—and admire the dauntless aviator who seems in their eyes to have mastered the air. They read his book and then declare that no other book compares with it.

"We" is written in a quiet, modest, dryly humorous style, teaching, yet not making it seem that it is teaching, setting forth the chances of aviation; very interesting and all the more so because of the brave young person whom it is about, whose personality pervades the whole book, making it seem that he is telling the story to you, and it seems that as you listen eagerly you see the charming smile light up his face as if he is smiling back at the cheering, shouting crowd whose eyes are all on his strong young figure, and who shout with all their zeal and strength at "their boy," whose eyes glisten as they cry with one voice—"Lindbergh."

RACHEL MERRILL, 30.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea

BY JULES VERNE

"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" is Jules Verne's best book and his most interesting one, in my estimation. Every page has its full quota of exciting events, linked by the mind and pen of a good writer. Not only is the spirit of adventure carried on throughout the story, but a wealth of scientific, mechanical and marine knowledge may be found in it. Wonderfully graphic descriptions of undersea marvels, in the form of gigantic and almost unknown fish, of pearl of fabulous value, hidden away in the practically inaccessible caverns of the sea. Stirring accounts of the dangers encountered on deep sea hunting trips, and a trip to the South Pole.

Dealing primarily with a development in the progress of marine facilities then only a dream, it exhibits the remarkable foresight and ingenuity possessed by the author. The story is based on an extraordinary submarine, secretly built by an eccentric personage known only as Captain Nemo, about whom an unsolved mystery circles. The story is apparently written by Professor Arronax, an authority on marine life, who, with two of his associates, is retained within the submarine, a prisoner.

The exact nature of the character of Captain Nemo is a problem at the solution of which I did not succeed in even guessing satisfactorily. Not a hint is given as to his nationality. Living always within his vessel, beneath the waves, he seems truly, a man without a country. Even his crew is composed of men who no longer have any desire to set foot on land. They, too, as well as their leader have felt the hand of man, and have lost faith in mankind. Unforgetful, inscrutable, he is continually on the trail of someone. Stern, indomitable, he is master of the situation at all times, sending his giant craft hurtling through the hull of a steamer which has somehow revealed itself as a subject for his vengeance, and unmoved, watching the struggles of drowning women and children, innocent bystanders, suffering for an act which, in all probability, they are not even cognizant of, but which has hurt the Captain terribly, sometime in the past, depriving him of his wife and child. So he cruises about with his fellows, never touching the abode of man, and trying to forget the frailties of human nature, in the contemplation of the beauties of their adopted world. At last they are victims of the savage maelstrom, only the Professor and his friends surviving.

Personally, I thought the unsolved mystery detracted from the full satisfaction one should have felt upon completing the book. Reading to vain conjectures, for which not the slightest foundation can be found, and finally ending in a vague scene of disappointment.

LLOYD SMITH, '28.

Trailmakers of the Northwest

BY PAUL L. HAWORTH

When historical facts are as interestingly told as in "The Trailmakers of the Northwest," one becomes enthralled at once, for Haworth, the author, having traveled over most of Canada himself, knows what is really the part of history which would attract anyone, though he were not a history lover.

It is the story of famous pathfinders and trailmakers of Canada, many of whom we know well, such as Mackenzie and Amundson, and some of whom we do not know as well, as Henry and Hearne, but who have done just as wonderful deeds. These men have dared great dangers, traveled far in cold and dangerous land and often given up their lives so that others at home, warm and comfortable, could thereby profit.

Could anything be more soul-stirring than Amundson's dangerous expedition to the North Pole for the sake of science, knowing that at any moment he and his companions might be crushed to death by one of those floating mountains of ice? What could their little boat, only a mere speck in that sea of ice, do? Yet these men have dared this and many other dangers.

Through these brave, courageous—yes, and curious explorers, too, we found this great Northwest a country with a great future. There has been fought many a bloody battle between savage tribes and white men. Though much blood has been shed in this fashion, just as much white blood has been shed by white men for here has been found that much coveted metal, gold. Perhaps just as important as gold is the fur trade which started with the French and is still continuing under the old and honored Hudson Bay Company.

The scenic beauty of this vast country is such that people from all parts have come in search of it. It must have been a joy to those sturdy pioneers as they reached the summits of the lofty Rockies to look back and see those far-reaching plains through which they have just passed and then to look forward and see the high, snow-capped mountains, awe-inspiring, swift rivers, rushing toward the blue Pacific. Did they visualize the great future for this country? Perhaps, but I doubt if many had the foresight to see this great Northwest as Mr. Haworth has so delightfully pictured it for us.

ANN MCPHERSON, '28.

The Royal Road to Romance

BY RICHARD HALIBURTON

Who has not felt the urge of the unknown? Is anyone so weak as to be content with things as they are? Have you never fervently desired to go away—any place would do—and to do just as you pleased for a while? To how many people have laws and customs and conventions become boring and senseless and utterly futile?

To some people such dissatisfaction is a passing sensation. It does not even acquire the strength of true feeling, and so is never expressed.

But there is another type of people, infinitely more passionate, who live for the joy of living, and who think and act, rather than think and forget. By such people great things are accomplished. Richard Haliburton, I think, is one of these.

In the "Royal Road to Romance" he expresses his discontent with the general routine of the life he was living. He had just graduated from Princeton, and Life, Romance and Adventure beckoned to him. The open road and a carefree life tempted him. On the other hand were more study, office work, and preparation for a business career. These last could wait, he thought, for a year at least, and he would seek Romance down the broad highway of life.

No, travel is not what he wanted; a tour of Europe was offered him by his parents. It was the lure of the unknown and life intensified to excitement that called his imagination to the roads of France, Spain, Egypt and India.

Haliburton in "The Royal Road to Romance" leaves with a reader an impression of very interesting adventures rather than an expression of the beauties or possibilities or features of the places he visited. Perhaps this is the only common feature of an extremely uncommon book. This, of course, leaves him open to criticism by those who travel purely for the knowledge and learning derived. Yet the very nature of the incidents, together with the excellent descriptions scattered throughout the book should be sufficient to satisfy the desires of the most intellectual travelers and readers.

WILLIAM FADER, '28.

My Antonia

BY WILLA CATHER

Far out on the lonely prairies of the West we find the setting of our story,—the tale of a struggling immigrant family, the Shimerdas.

The whole story seems to strike a sad note,—it could not but give that impression,—for it portrays the life of a sad people,—people longing for the home "kawntree," the old friends, the old customs and ways,—their dreams of riches, freedom, a great open-hearted country shattered.

Through it all, though, like a ray of sunshine through overhanging clouds, shines the gay optimistic spirit of Antonia, the oldest daughter of the large Shimerdas family.

She shares the heavy hard work of their farm, endures her embittered mother's sharp taunts and scoldings, her "foolish" brother's crazy tricks, and the constant bickering among the younger children, with a ready smile and quick sympathy.

She seems to live above her surroundings, her poverty and wretched home, not looking down in an unhappy, dissatisfied way from her higher mental plane, but living in such a manner that she seems to draw the others to her and share with them her happiness.

Only to her young friend, little Jimmy Burden, does she show her longing and striving for better things.

We follow Antonia's life from the time she enters the West, a child of twelve, till we find her in the end, the happy wife of one of her fellow countrymen, mother of ten husky children, giving them the opportunities that she had missed as a child. Yes,—that did probably sweep away our idealistic futures for "My Antonia,"—wife of a foreign-born farmer, mother of a brood of ten children!

But as we think of Antonia, her heritage, her environment and training, for what thing other than a loving, understanding mother was she fitted? Further education and trained development was too high a step for the immigrant Shimerdas daughter,—but it *was* permitted her to show the way to her children, to make them realize her youthful ambitions and visions. Yes,,—"My Antonia" fulfilled her missions in this busy, unheeding world!

The story, though without any deep intriguing plot such as other tales have, is fascinating in its very simplicity and reality.

JEAN MOULD, '28.

The Man Nobody Knows

BY BRUCE BARTON

I picked up this book one day when I had but a few minutes before going out to play. Two hours later I closed the book with a feeling of exhilaration and uplift that I had never before experienced. I think I enjoyed reading this book more than any other I have ever read.

Mr. Barton has given us a new idea of Jesus. Instead of the Christ of the old painters, a womanish man with red whiskers, a man of sorrows, the lamb of God, he has pictured a virile, powerful man, a man's man in every sense of the word, an executive, the builder of the greatest organization that ever came into being. He took twelve men from the bottom ranks of society and welded them into an organization that conquered the world. Jesus was a carpenter at a time when a carpenter taking a contract for a house, dug foundations, hewed his own beams and erected the house, all by himself.

He was an open air man. His face was tanned by exposure. He was clean, powerful morally, mentally and physically. No weakling could have driven those money changers from the temple. No weakling could have said, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." The lame man looked at Jesus when He said that, and saw a face glowing with strength, health, and an irresistible will which seemed to shout, "When there's a will there's a way!" He tried to move and he moved. Had Jesus been the weakling of the painters the man would have laughed in His face.

When Jesus called Matthew, He did not say, "I wish you'd come with me for I think we are going to do a good work." No, He merely said, "Matthew, come with me."

Every one seemed surprised to see Matthew among his best friends. They saw only a sneaking, little Jew, a tax collector, one of the lowest. Jesus saw the writer of a book that will live forever.

At the last when Jesus stood on the balcony of Herod's palace before Pontius Pilatus, the flabby, dissipated Roman governor, He was still victor, supreme, for Pilatus, moved by an overpowering impulse, gave voice to the greatest tribute ever paid, "Behold, the Man!"

CHARLES MCCONNELL, '30.

A Man for the Ages

BY IRVING BACHELLER

This story is woven about the life of Abraham Lincoln, but it is not a biography. It is a tale of young budding America, of the old, picturesque, uncultured Middle West, and of simple frontiersmen, hard-working, daring, adventurous, who were ever aspiring higher, and struggling hopefully on to a great

unseen goal. These brave men and women dreamed dreams, and saw great visions of days to come, but little did they know that their unmatched loyalty and steadfastness had far out-reached any visioned goal, for they had laid the foundation of a mighty nation. Many of them, like Samson and Sarah Taylor, had set out down the long Western road in search of new life, and to aid in the cultivating of that land of plenty beyond the hills. What merry times they had, even in all their toil and strife—the jolly husking-bees, the gay country dances, and those happy evenings of story-telling at the village tavern. And what glorious romance! The air fairly breathed of romance! In those times each handsome stranger or dashing adventurer surely caused some fair country maiden's heart to skip a beat, and many a lovely country miss caused some young wanderer to make his home in one of those little towns. "Abe" Lincoln was one of these people; he was of the common people, yet he was not common. He was not unlike an unpolished jewel; a diamond in the rough. In his inimitable way, Mr. Bacheller shows us Lincoln's influence on his fellowmen; the part he played in their lives, their doctrines, their joys and sorrows, their trials and tribulations. He shows us the real Lincoln, and he is a much sadder, dearer man than we have ever known.

This story is entirely pervaded with a feeling of hard-earned contentment and supreme happiness; in it is joy, sorrow, love, hate, and the truest humor. I have enjoyed it, loved it. To me it is incomparable.

JANE KUNKLE, '30.

The King's Henchman

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

"The King's Henchman," the second American opera to have been produced, is a lyric drama of rugged Saxon England.

Ethelwald, the most trusted and beloved henchman and foster-brother of Eadgar, King of England, is commissioned to ask the hand of Elfrida, daughter of the Thane of Devon, in marriage for the King.

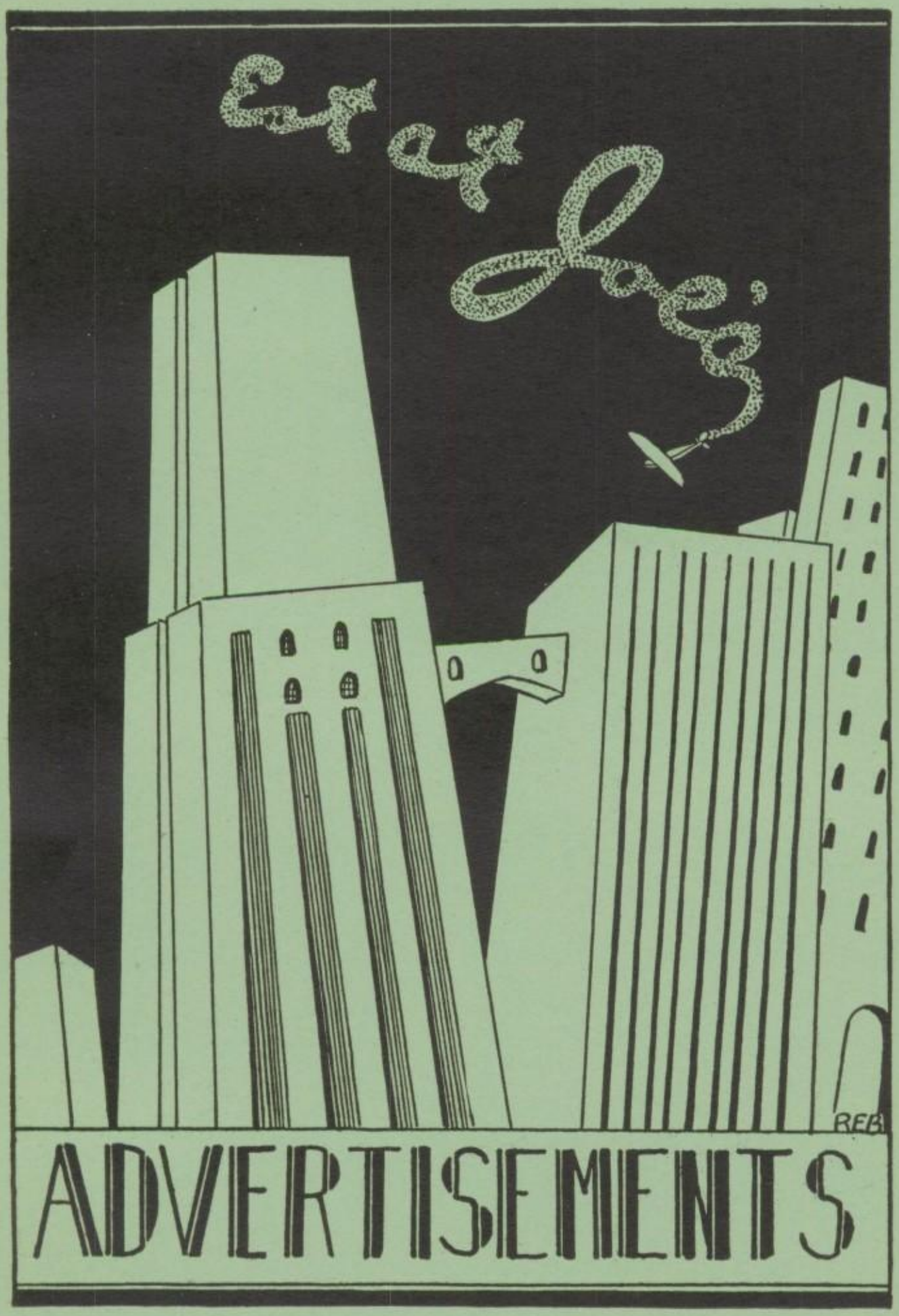
Lost in a forest Ethelwald encounters a maid "unearthly fair" with whom he falls in love, but when he finds her to be none other than Elfrida, great is his sorrow and distress. Knowing his honor and loyalty must be sacrificed if he weds her, he challenges two kings greater than Eadgar, Life and Death.

The old castle at Winchester with its stalwart oaken beams, protruding overhead, its meagre furnishings, its barren walls, is very picturesque and so different from the heavily furnished homes of today. But even though the settings and atmosphere of the tenth century are extremely unlike those of today, the characters show the same human frailties and passion. King Eadgar, only twenty-five, though aged by ten years of reigning, lends solemnity; handsome Ethelwald, the vivacity of youth; Elfrida, the spell of women; and the gossiping ladies and jovial men of the court, humor.

Although this plot is quite commonplace, it is so skillfully and delightfully written, it becomes a tale of rare beauty. The quaint dialect, colorful words, and unique phraseology are fascinating. It has the charm and simplicity of style peculiar to Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Thomas Hardy has said, "There are two and only two great things in the United States: the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay and our 'recessional buildings.'" If so great an authority in the literary world thinks such of this book, surely it is worth reading and re-reading for any lover of literature

BARBARA MERRILL, '30.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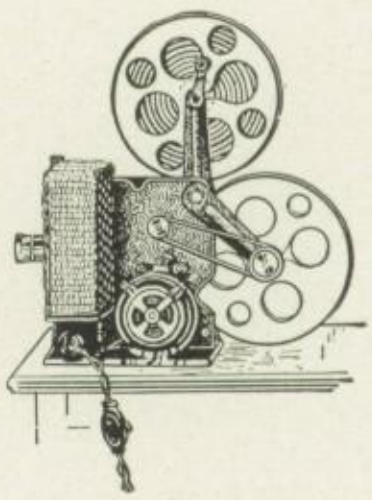

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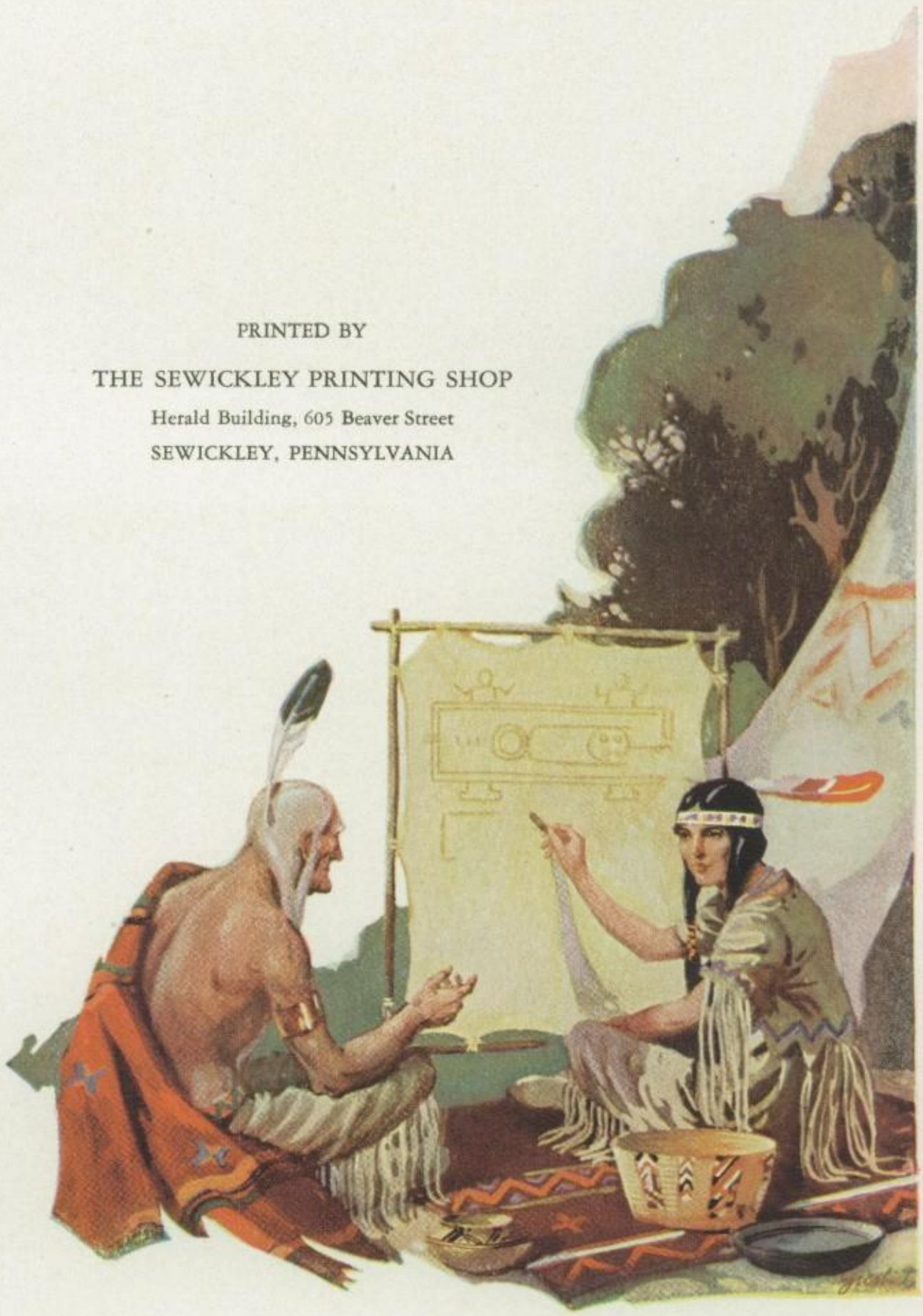

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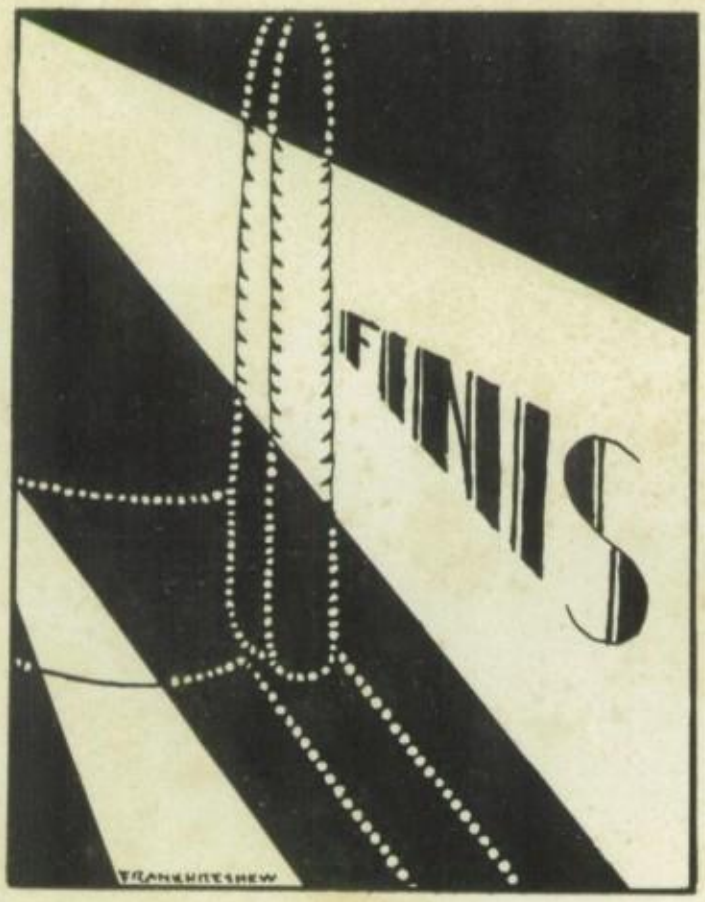
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